



Christmas Issue-32 Pages

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Comment Of The Day

Giving

THE Russian refugees' presentation of a cheque for \$1,400 for Chinese refugees yesterday must rate as one of the most heart-warming gestures of goodwill that Hongkong has witnessed in many years. Here are people, themselves dispossessed and displaced, who have been living for years in the shabbiest of circumstances, owing little and owing nothing to this stopover city, awaiting transport to a new life. But their own plight comes second to those who are worse off. This is selflessness of a rare order.

There was another striking and tender act of thoughtfulness last month when a small Hongkong girl had a birthday party to which she invited not her friends but a number of poor children who lived nearby. There is a distinction to be made between gestures like these and the general run of charitable giving. The more familiar type of charity in Hongkong is the customary handout—a dollar on flag days, five dollars in the hat for the retiring lift driver and the occasional cheque to a "worthy institution".

CHRISTMAS giving falls into a similar category. The great bulk of personal giving is misdirected. It follows custom and invariably gifts go to those—particularly children—who have more than enough of everything. And while it is essentially a season of the year most enjoyed and best used by the young, it is worth inculcating in them the idea that it is the personal effort of giving that makes for the most widespread happiness.

Many churches—and probably charitable institutions too—have a scheme at Christmas whereby children bring gifts for distribution to the poor. It makes no difference whether they are last year's toys or newly-bought, but the greatest sense of giving is to be gained only by passing on something that is treasured—like the Russian refugees who gave up what they needed, and the small Hongkong girl, who gave up the party she preferred.

FRANCE 'NORMALISES' ADMINISTRATIVE SITUATION IN ALGIERS

GEN. SALAN REPLACED

New Post Created For Soldier

Paris, Dec. 12. Gen. Raoul Salan, long-time Supreme Commander in rebellion-torn Algeria and one of the leading figures in the May revolt that toppled the Fourth Republic, was replaced tonight on the orders of Gen. Charles de Gaulle.

In his place de Gaulle assigned a civilian, Paul de Louvrieux, 43, the former Financial Director of the European coal-steel pool.

Salan, a five-star General and the most decorated soldier in the French Army, had held all civilian and military powers in Algiers since shortly after the coup of May 13 that swept de Gaulle into power.

The Decision

The decision to replace Salan as Algerian Supreme Commander had been decided by de Gaulle some time before.

But the official announcement was not made until after today's cabinet meeting.

The General was named to the post of Inspector-General of the Armies, a job that was specially created for him in Paris.

His military duties will be taken over by his former aide, a longer-serving former resistance hero, Air Force Gen. Maurice Challe. Challe is a long-time admirer of Gen. de Gaulle.

The decision by the French cabinet today was in order to "normalise" the administrative situation in Algiers.

Caught In Middle

Under the Fourth Republic, a Paris-appointed Governor-General held all civilian powers. But there has been no Governor-General in Algeria since May 13, and Salan has held both civilian and military powers in his hands.

The decision to take Gen. Salan out of Algeria brought to a halt his career in a country that has been torn by rebellion for more than four years.

He was caught right in the middle in the violent outburst of French nationalism last May 13 when "Public Safety Committee" took over in Algeria and

threatened to spread civil war to the French mainland.

Salan took over full control in the days immediately after the revolt on the orders of the then Premier, Pierre Pflimlin. But although he was still the representative of the legal French Government, his public actions and statements leaned on the side of the right-wing rebels.

—U.P.I.

Late Pope's Physician Expelled From Profession

Rome, Dec. 12. The Rome Medical Association tonight expelled former papal physician Riccardo Galeazzi-Lisi from the medical profession.

Galeazzi-Lisi was charged with unethical behaviour for selling the intimate details and photographs on the death throes of Pope Pius XII.

The 14-man council can warn, censure, suspend or expel a member found guilty of violating professional ethics. Expulsion would make it impossible for him to continue medical practice anywhere in Italy.

Galeazzi-Lisi was present to defend himself.—U.P.I.

Pistols Chosen For Monty Duel

Rome, Dec. 12. Vincenzo Caputo, President of the extreme rightwing "Italian Nationalist Association," today chose pistols as his weapon for his planned duel with Mr R. Bridgland of North London, who has accepted a challenge on behalf of Lord Montgomery.

Caputo, who challenged the British Field-Marshal because of his recent criticism of Italian soldiers during World War II, said in a press statement that his choice of pistols

would "prove how serious the dispute is." Caputo added: "Decisions have already been taken concerning the date—some time during the month of January—and the place outside Italian territory."

He concluded: "For the possibility of a peaceful settlement, while this cannot yet be excluded, it is considered rather remote." Italian law bans duelling.—China Mail Special.

Dulles Attacks Soviet Govt

Washington, Dec. 12. Mr John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, said in a statement today just before leaving for talks on Germany with the other Western Foreign Ministers in Paris that the Soviet rulers were showing a "contemptuous disregard" of their pledged word.

ADENAUER & BRANDT BURY THE HATCHET

Bonn, Dec. 12. Dr Konrad Adenauer, West German Chancellor, and Herr Willy Brandt, Social Democrat Mayor of West Berlin, buried the hatchet today in talks on the future of Berlin.

They closed a publicly last week on the right attitude to Russia's proposal to end four-power rule of the city.

Dr Adenauer in his election-eye visit to Berlin had no private conversation with Herr Brandt and recommendations between their parties followed.

Tonight a communique after their talk said it was agreed to regard "questions discussed in the past few days in regard to the visit of the Federal Chancellor to Berlin as settled."—Reuter.

"They continuously talk about peaceful co-existence," Mr Dulles said in a formal statement after an hour's conference with President Eisenhower at the White House.

"But the foundation for peaceful co-existence is the dependence of the inter-governmental agreements."

REFUDIATE

"The Soviet rulers in relation to Berlin, seek to repudiate a whole series of agreements. They seem to feel at liberty to denounce at their pleasure any agreements which they have made as soon as they feel that these agreements no longer serve their purposes."

"That is not a foundation upon which it is easy to build order. We shall nevertheless persevere in our striving for a just and lasting peace," Mr Dulles said.

Mr Dulles declared his conviction that if "what he called the free nations stood united, determined, observed their own obligations and maintained adequate defensive and deterrent power," then hostile threats will be frustrated and peace will prevail.—Reuter.

TODAY'S TIPS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1
Silver Dahlia
Rober II
Good Girl
Outsider:—Free Kick

RACE 2
Oscar Prize
Mascot
Outsider
Outsider:—Mascot

RACE 3
Mayfair
All Gay
Eunice
Outsider:—Beautiful Lie

RACE 4
Cheerful
Butterfly
Golden City
Outsider:—Native Prince

RACE 5
Night People
Shiraz
Red Light
Outsider:—Vingit Et Un

RACE 6
Salome
Sincerely Yours
Vanity Fair
Outsider:—Kelpie

RACE 7
Hydemon
Co-ordination
Five Gold
Outsider:—Yin Chi

RACE 8
Golden Nugget
Edinburgh
Temptation
Outsider:—Wing Hung

"THE TURE" PROGRESSIVE DOUBLE WINNERS
Race 1—Eunice, Race 2—Golden Nugget

By "The Turf"

RACE 1
Rober II
Blondie
Silver Dahlia
Outsider:—Good Girl

RACE 2
Oscar Prize
Mascot
Outsider
Outsider:—Strathvohr

RACE 3
Eunice
Dainty
Mayfair
Outsider:—All Gay

RACE 4
Golden City
Victoria Peak
Butterfly
Outsider:—Cheerful

RACE 5
Red Light
Night People
Jingle Bell
Outsider:—Permanent View

RACE 6
Salome
Vanity Fair
Prince Volant
Outsider:—Kelpie

RACE 7
Five Gold
Co-ordination
Full Ahead
Outsider:—The Cherub

RACE 8
Golden Nugget
Edinburgh
Temptation
Outsider:—Jemima P

American Taiwan Policy Defended

San Francisco, Dec. 12. Mr Robert Murphy, United States Deputy Under-Secretary of State, tonight defended recent United States policy over the Formosa question.

He told a meeting of the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco that, if the United States had not taken a stand last August when the Chinese Communists threatened to invade the Nationalist-held Quemoy offshore islands, they (the Communists) "would have challenged successfully the principle that armed force must not be used for expansion."

Under Fire

"A withdrawal by Chinese Nationalists under fire," he said, "would have been taken by friends and foes alike as a sign of weakness in which the United States shared."

"If the United States had failed... to support the Nationalist position on Quemoy, the Government of the Republic of China on Taiwan (Formosa) might well have fallen, jeopardising a vital, strategic link in our Western Pacific defence line. "If the imperial use of force had been condoned it would have perplexed and disheartened the many other free nations of Asia and weakened their will to resist."—Reuter.

Production Of Decoy Missile Cancelled

Washington, Dec. 12. The United States Air Force has cancelled the production of its long-range "Goose" missile, designed as a decoy to lure enemy aircraft and guided missiles, it was announced today.

Equipped with a jet motor, the "Goose" had inter-continental range and was to have been launched from bases in the United States. Successful tests were made early this year.

The decision to drop the missile was officially attributed to changes in operational concepts, but Air Force officers said the economic factor had also played a part.—France-Press.

Ban Lifted

New York, Dec. 12. A Federal judge today lifted a strike ban against the Airline Pilots Association, freeing the union to go on strike against American airlines.—U.P.I.

RAN HIS HOME ON 'BARRACK SQUARE' LINES

London, Dec. 12. LESLIE Munday, 46-year-old former regular Army sergeant, ran his home on "barrack square" lines after demobilisation, the London Divorce Court was told today.

The judge said Munday drew up what he called a

"schedule of duty" for the household chores for his wife and four sons and insisted on its being followed.

When his "active service" plans were disobeyed, the husband admitted punching his sons and also his wife, 41-year-old Lillian.

He was also alleged to have refused to eat at home, to have taken out the electric plugs to leave the wife without light, to have taken away her clothes, locked up the house to prevent her getting in and once to have removed her bedroom door.

Mrs Munday was granted a decree nisi on the grounds of cruelty. Her husband's cross-petition alleging cruelty and adultery, both of which were denied, was dismissed.

The wife was given custody of the one son under 16 years of age.—China Mail Special.



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KING'S PRINCESS

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SHOWING THE 9TH DAY!

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At 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



KING'S

WEEK-END

MORNING SHOWS

To-morrow At 11.00 A.M. U.I. Presents
WOODPECKER TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.10 P.M. M-G-M Presents
Robert Taylor • Dana Wynter in
"D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE"
CinemaScope & Technicolor
Admission: \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS

WEEK-END

MORNING SHOWS

To-day At 12.30 P.M. M-G-M Presents
Robert Taylor in
"BATAAN"
To-morrow At 11.00 A.M. M-G-M Presents
TOM & JERRY TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
To-morrow At 12.30 P.M.
Brightie Bardot in
"THE LIGHT ACROSS THE STREET"
Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
Please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.



ALSO ADDED! Walt Disney's "SARDINIA"
Print by TECHNICOLOR

SPECIAL PRICES FOR STUDENTS:
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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
PARAMOUNT FOX
LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m. 20th Century-Fox presents
"BABY AND THE BATTLESHIP"
Starring: John MILLS • Richard ATTENBOROUGH

COMING! COMING!
FRONT LINE HEROES

—suddenly facing the most shocking charge
that could ever be hurled at fighting men!



Starring:
Rex REASON Henry MORGAN Steve BRODIE
A 20th Century-Fox Release

RITZ CINEMA

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT 12.15 P.M.
Hugh O'BRIAN • Nancy GATES in
"THE BRASS LEGEND"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

CHRISTMAS falls half-way through the week, that is the trouble this year. It only we could arrange for Christmas to fall on Saturday and Sunday, there would be less doubt as to what would be showing this weekend. However, let us take a look at what will be showing over the Christmas holidays.

The Roxy and the Broadway are relying on the 20th Century-Fox British comedy, "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw." This is a Western to end all westerns. Somebody had to do it, and when you come to think that Hollywood is really the home of the western, it is strange that Fox went to England to make it. These of you who can remember Charles Laughton in "Ruggles of Red Gap," will be reminded somewhat of that old classic, when you see Ken More as the reluctant but conscientious Sheriff of Fractured Jaw.

He is the perfect Englishman. The living symbol of Gilbert's "Look for the scene when he goes down to Jayne Mansfield, the manageress of the Honky-Tonk where he is staying, where the whiskey's like prussic acid, and the boys use crow bars for tooth-picks, and tells her in refined English tones that he must have a little more quiet as he is unable to sleep.

The film skills every aspect of the Western, from the fast draw to the bar room brawl, and Ken More comes out on top. I think it is Henry Hull—he by the way, puts in a nice performance as the Mayor of Fractured Jaw—who says, "There is a guardian angel who looks after fools and Englishmen."

I'd say this delicious comedy, with its warm overtones of rich sentiment will mix very nicely with the mince pies and old brandy.

MGM along with the Hoover and Paramount are relying on a Western melodrama, "The Badlanders." This is an action-packed outdoor story of the early west, but you could not say it has been done quite this way before.

The King's and Princess are showing Paramount's farcical "Rock-a-Bye Baby," with Jerry Lewis taking over the "Mother of the year role." This kind of humour is more American in appeal, and while it is extremely well done, to see a chap so soft as to attend baby classes with a lot of women, and graduate B.A. at powdering babies' bottoms is a bit too feeble for me.

On the other hand, Lewis, with his skit on commercialism and one or two gags concerned with film takes, are among the cream of their kind.

You know Lewis; you know his kind of gag; and it's really funny for most of the people all the time.

The Star and the Metropole are the only two theatres playing absolutely straight drama. They are putting on Universal International's "Raw Wind Over Eden," which brings back Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler, co-starring Rossana Podesta.

The Lee and Astor tell me they are going to rely on Norman Wisdom in the J. Arthur Rank comedy, "The Square Peg." I was on the set when this film was made. I told Norman Wisdom that his "Just My Luck," broke Hong-kong box office records when his film opened up the Astor Cinema.

This is a really funny film in the Wisdom tradition, and with a bit more publicity, Wisdom and a few others would be international stars. As it is, Rank seems to favour making international stars from imported actors. The ways of the film studios are beyond understanding.

At any rate, Norman Wisdom is a likable star, really clever, and modest with success, and "The Square Peg" is delicious fun to put alongside the crackers and old ale.

★ "CIRCUS ACTORS," The very fine Russian documentary, which is held over at the Star and Metropole, portrays a side of Russian life we forget in the handrum business of politics and space rockets.

This film, although presented with considerable national pride, tells us something we already know, that Russia under every form of Government, has always contributed to the entertainment world outstanding artists in every sphere of art and entertainment.

In the Circus, there is nothing lacking. To pick out the parts I think worth watching would take the whole of this page, so let us divide the film into three parts, and take them one at a time.

First, the script. The aim of the film is to present the Circus as a whole and to achieve continuity. This is left to the camera, as it should be, and by the changes on following the artist to the dressing room and then to his home, or vice versa. On that account, it is not too imaginative. Freddie Grisewood would have done better.

Second the film as a whole. Because of its superb photography and unique camera angles, the colour, it stands out as one of the best full length documentaries ever made.

My own choice is the bear scenes. How you teach bears to ride on roller skates, pedal cycles, and then motor cycles, is

beyond my ken. A bit of an animal trainer myself, I finish up at the point where any dog brings up the newspaper, these people who can get animals to perform these tricks must have an extra sense.

The clown business got me too. I have always understood that the superb clown is the supreme artist. This film does more, it proves it.

To see him working out an act on his study table, and to be taken into the circus ring to see it come to life is a privilege. And what a splendid bit of fun it is. It needs no language. It has none. It proves once and for all that real humour is international.

★ "THE African Lion," Walt Disney, distributed by Rank, is a roaring success at the Roxy, and is to continue another weekend.

The famous camera team of Alfred and Elma Milotte set out to find a few things about lions, and judging from the film, I thought at times the lions were going to find out a few things about them.

In their 32 months' safari, the Milottes lived as closely among the lions as is possible, assuming you want to use the

other half of your return ticket. They filmed the greatest payment of wild life yet brought to the film world and apart from lions, managed to get the rest of the animal kingdom in the camera lens.

For some reason, I had entertained what this picture proves to be a most fallacious theory. I thought a lion took a wife, and called it a day. Now I find that lions are no better than men, and that although they have a faithful and over loving wife, they like to play around a bit.

Also I find that calling the lion the king of beasts is a phoney build up. The lion is no better off in his home than husbands are. Mrs. Lion is as shrewish as any other housewife. The lion has to wipe his feet, take his turn at the dinner table, and he dare not go into the bedroom without Mrs. Lion's permission.

King of the beasts indeed; he's like every other married man.

The real boss is Madam Lion. The film shows her as not only the boss of the family, but the provider too. There the lion is one up on the human male.

The scenery, the vivid visual lesson of the jungle law, kill or die, is at once overpowering, and terrifying in its realistic portrayal.

The dust storms, the locust swarms, and the arrival of the tropical storms to restore the countryside and bring about the equilibrium of Nature's scheme are wonderfully filmed.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Vertigo." Alfred Hitchcock mystery thriller of an experienced detective, in superb direction, strong contrast of plot, terrific anti-climax. Remarkable photography and colour play with Hitchcock breaking new ground. Must be seen from beginning to end. Starring: James Stewart, Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Tom Helmore with Henry Jones.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The African Lion." Walt Disney's on the spot film of lions in their natural surroundings, together with their neighbours. Informative, interesting, exciting, and beautiful. A film the whole family can see with interest.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Circus Actors." All the fun of the Russian sawdust ring. Chiefly notable for excellent camera work plus imaginative angle shots. Whole thing strung together on following circus stars from circus ring to their homes, but makes fine continuous

sequence. Excellent documentary, delightful for all the family.

LEE & ASTOR: "La Parisienne." Brigitte Bardot in Technicolor fantasy which gives her an excellent opportunity for exercising her talent for naive seduction. Amusing, with good performances from Charles Boyer and Henri Vidal. Naughty, intriguing, plus faded charm, make for sophisticated entertainment.

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT: "The Three Musketeers." A revival of Alexandre Dumas' immortal drama made into a film. Filmmakers will recall that this film made history the first time out, and is worth going the rounds the second time. Lavish production; excellent direction; captures all the atmosphere of the book. Gene Kelly as D'Artagnan; Van Heflin as Aramis; Robert O'Neil as Athos; Lana Turner, Lady de Winter; Frank Morgan as Louis XIII, and Vincent Price as Richelieu.

CHRISTMAS FILMS

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Rock-a-Bye Baby." Jerry Lewis as someone who carries a torch and three babies. Farcical beyond words, yet extremely clever in production. Lavish colour, and cruel dig at Commercial Television via Lewis. Tremendous audience appeal with its lightness and easy plot, plus a laugh every three minutes. Some old gags brought back which served up in new wrappings, got you rocking. One hundred per cent entertainment. Produced by Jerry Lewis. VistaVision Technicolor. Also starring Marilyn Maxwell; Reginald Gardiner; Baccantini; and Connie Stevens.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw." 20th Century-Fox British farce. The Western to end all Westerns. Film has Ken More hogging guns in the west to improve his St. James' St. Business. Is elected the reluctant Sheriff of Fractured Jaw. Every gag the Westerns have thought up is gaped. Ken More, superb. Henry Hull, lovely skit. Jayne Mansfield's best film. Big screen and colour. STAR & METROPOLE: "Raw Wind In Eden." Cinema-

Scope and Eastman Colour drama set in unknown island in the Mediterranean. The usual business of sophistication set down among primitive, tho' for this case lovely surroundings. Esther Williams; Jeff Chandler; and Rossana Podesta.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Square Peg." Norman Wisdom's latest comedy specially flown to the Colony for Christmas. Wisdom dominates the film, shared with Honor Blackman. Has Wisdom as soldier of the most awkward vintage. No one can be the most foolish thing as delightfully as Norman. Good fun all the way.

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT: "The Badlanders." Alan Ladd and Ernest Borgnine in a melodrama of the early West. Filmed in CinemaScope and Technicolor, it is an entertaining film with some top moments of suspense. Characterisation, very good. Plot, a twist to justify calling it original. of romance. Good entertainment all round. Also, Katy Jurado; Claire Kelly; with Kent Smith and Nehemiah Persoff.

CHRISTMAS ATTRACTION

THE RANK ORGANIZATION PRESENTS
NORMAN WISDOM



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THE SCENES OF THE
CIRCUS SHOWS!

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with English Narration

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LATEST FOX COLUMBIA Feature-length
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Technicolor Cartoon
PROGRAMME "MAGOO GOES SKIING"

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. "ELEPHANT WALK"
A Paramount Picture in Technicolor
Starring: Elizabeth TAYLOR • Dana ANDREWS

HOOVER • PARAMOUNT

FINAL PERFORMANCES TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 and 9.40 P.M.

Alexandre Dumas' Immortal Drama
"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

Starring
LANA TURNER — GENE KELLY

The Most Heroic Chapter of the French History!
A LAVISH PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR

STARTS TO-MORROW SUNDAY

His chance for greatness
meant disaster to the ones he loved!
M-G-M presents



SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER at 12.00 noon William Holden Kim Novak in "PIANO"
PARAMOUNT at 10.15 a.m. Jeff Chandler George Nader in "AWAY ALL BOATS"

STAGE CLUB

present
TO-NIGHT AT 9 P.M.
"TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL"
A Comedy by
JAMES BRIDIE

The Lake Yew Hall, Hong Kong University
Bookings at Moutrie's
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Tickets at \$10, \$8, \$5.50 & \$2.50
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Bed-sheets

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90 x 108 ..	\$28.00 ea.

Pillow slips ..	\$13.00 pr.
-----------------	-------------

Pacific muslin

92 x 99 ..	\$13.00 ea.
80 x 108 ..	\$15.25 ea.
90 x 108 ..	\$16.75 ea.
Pillow slip ..	\$ 5.50 pr.

Vitafoam Pillows ..

\$34.00 ea.

Cushion from \$10.00 & up.

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42" ..	\$11.00 ea.
54" ..	\$14.00 ea.

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Cashmere Twinsets ..	\$149.80 set
Cardigan ..	\$ 85.80 ea.

Nylon stockings

Berkshire 10-75 ..	\$ 10.00 a pr.
Nylace 15 ..	\$ 8.50 a pr.
15-60 ..	\$ 8.00 a pr.
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Cameo 15-60 ..	\$ 4.95 a pr.

Swiss pure silk scarves.

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Alluring full & half slips.

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Finest variety of dresslength in quality woollen, silk & brocades.

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Fussy Britons Eating Better

The Trend Is Quality Not Quantity

London. BRITAIN'S standard of eating in the past five years has not only "substantially improved" but people are also becoming more particular about WHAT they eat.

That is the Treasury's verdict given in its monthly Bulletin for Industry last week.

The statistics are for the period between 1953, when rationing ended, and 1957.

During those five years the percentage changes in average weekly consumption for each person of the main foods were: Up: Butter, 81; canned fruits, etc., 44; sugar, 30; carcase meat, 19; cheese, 16; eggs, 11; flour, 11; potatoes, 9.

Relatively stable: Tea and other beverages; cakes and biscuits; all other meat; liquid milk; bacon and ham; vegetables (excluding potatoes); fresh fruit; margarine; and fish.

THE REASON

The spectacular rise in butter, says the Bulletin, was continuous. Another striking contrast is between fresh fruit and canned (and bottled) fruit. This is a reflection of the growing preference for labour-saving foods.

The fall in the amount of bread and potatoes eaten, says the Treasury, is a long-term trend normally associated with rising living standards in any advanced country. But it was not fully apparent in Britain until controls were lifted.

Between 1953 and last year the average weekly expenditure for each person on food rose by 24 p.c., from £1 2s. 8d. to £1 18s. 1d.

Prices went up on average by about 17 p.c., so there was a "real" increase in food purchases of about 8 p.c.

NEW TREND

Last year this rate of increase declined to only about 4 p.c. The Treasury has an explanation for this too.

It may possibly be, says its Bulletin, the beginning of a new trend with people putting less emphasis on the quantity they eat and more on improvements in quality and service.

Housewives, writes John Winter, will have to use more imported potatoes than last year, and prices are likely to continue high throughout winter and spring. The home-grown crop is 150,000-200,000 tons below 1957.

The Wandering Well-Stuffed Old Safe

London. A wandering, well-stuffed safe was back where it started — complete with the £100,000 worth of jewellery and plate found inside it.

Frank Offord, a London businessman, returned the safe to a firm of auctioneers after being "faced with the prospect of a lawsuit."

Offord got the safe — supposedly a worthless relic no one could open — from a former employee. He bought it for 30/-.

AUCTIONEERS

The former employee got it from the firm of auctioneers as a tip after he did some work for them.

But when Offord got the safe open and found it stuffed with jewellery and gold and silver plate, the auctioneering firm said it was taken in error and that another safe was intended as the tip.

When they threatened to go to court to get the safe and contents back, Offord decided to give them up, Offord said. — U.P.I.

O'DONNELL PEARLS RE-APPEAR AFTER 30 YEARS

London. THE famed O'Donnell pearls came out of their hiding place last week for the first time in 30 years, but they proved just as much a mystery as ever.

The pearls, reputed to be priceless, were taken from the vaults of the Bank of England for showing to the Spanish Duke of Tetuan, whose late wife was a descendant of the ancient O'Donnell family of Ireland, owners of the pearls.

The pearls, each about the size of a man's thumbnail, for years have been a mystery

to experts. One expert on fossils and shells, Dr. L. R. Cox, who was on hand to see them last week, confessed himself baffled as to their origin.

"They are quite unlike any fossil or shell we know today," Cox said. Cox had also inspected them at the last airing, 30 years ago.

But Chapman was not surprised. He said the pearls are "live specimens, not fossils, dating from the Miocene Age millions of years ago."

"They are the only specimens of their kind in the world," he said. — U.P.I.

'El Nino' The Austin Was Falling To Pieces

Eastbourne. LOVELY Vera Fusck, 26-year-old actress, fell in love with a 1930 Austin Car last September, and bought it for £15.

A few weeks later, an Eastbourne policeman noticed the car—nicknamed 'El Nino'—when Vera had parked it outside the theatre where she was playing. After pointing out a number of illegal defects in 'El Nino', he said, "If I were you, Miss, I'd put a match to it."

'I Broke Down'

She got a summons, and because she was rehearsing another play and couldn't get to court, she pleaded guilty in a letter in which she said: "After the police had told me that the car was absolutely no good, I broke down and wept. I love that car very much and I did not know it was in such bad shape."

The Eastbourne magistrates smiled at the letter, but fined Vera £5.

Vera had to get rid of the car—the first she ever owned—and buy another. Now she owns a 1928 Austin. — U.P.I.

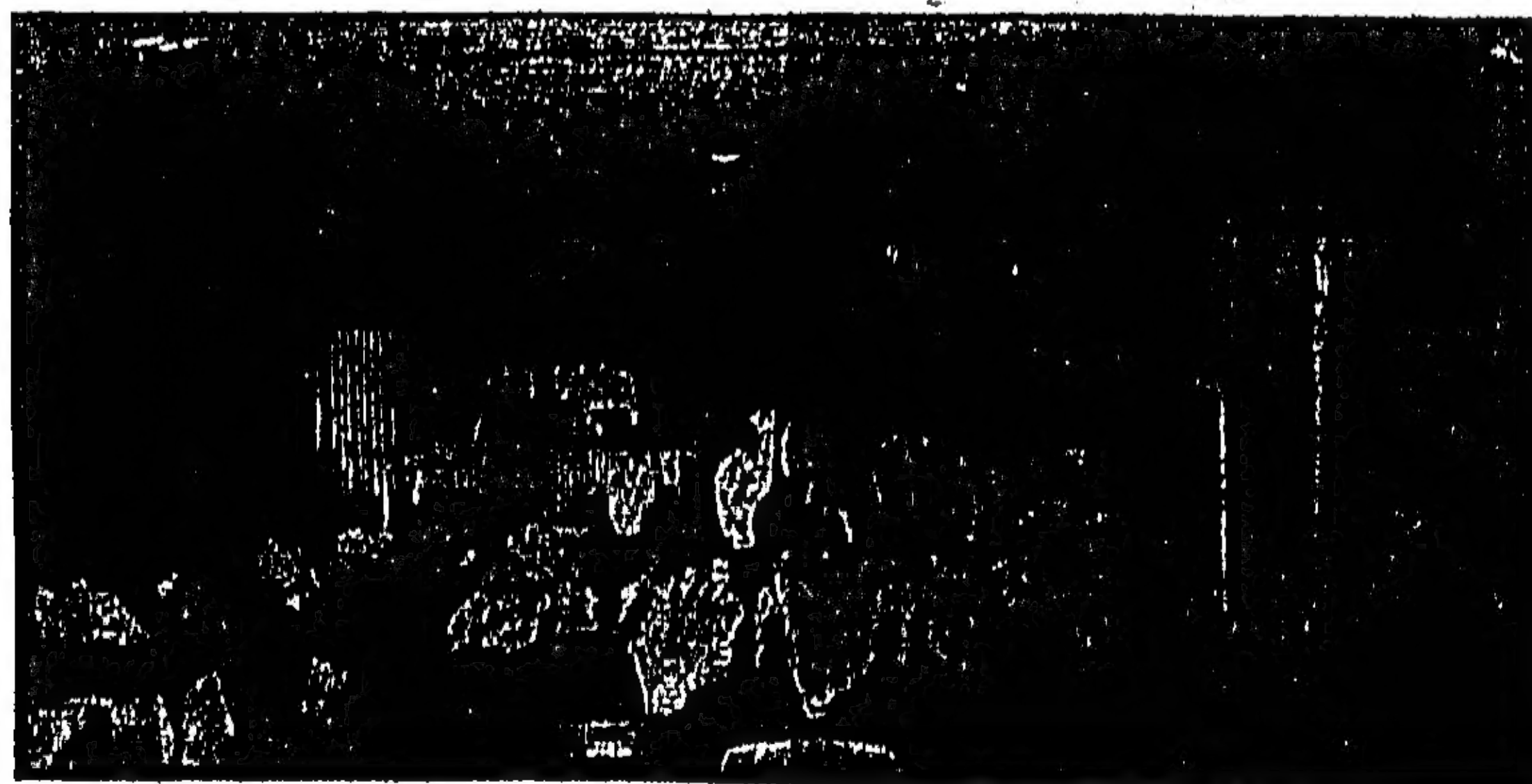
Santa Was Called A 'Cheapskate'

Stillwater, Okl. Santa arrived here the other day but the small fry were less than enchanted.

"Cheapskate — Cheapskate," the youngsters shouted as Santa moved through Stillwater's main street in the annual Christmas parade.

Santa was dispensing plenty of Yuletide cheer, but he had forgot to bring along any candy. — U.P.I.

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Homeside Pictorial



ABOVE: Judy Grinham, 19-year-old British schoolgirl's swimming champion (she holds the world's backstroke record over 100 metres) went to Eclair studios recently to take a screen test. Result of the test, which ate up 2,000 ft. of colour film, will decide whether Judy becomes a starlet with a big-money, seven-year contract, or whether a bit part in just one film will be her consolation prize.

RIGHT: Two pony-tailed teenagers got together recently on that old, old problem—how to keep a husband happy. The girls are pictured here: 14-year-old Mrs Barbara Scruggs, left, America's youngest bride, who arrived recently in Britain to join her American sailor husband Bill, and 15-year-old Joan Eggett, Britain's youngest bride-to-be.



ABOVE: Former British Premier Sir Anthony Eden, who is to spend part of the winter in Mexico on medical advice, came to London recently for an inoculation. He and Lady Eden also had lunch with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill in Sir Winston's London residence. Seen pictured on the steps of Sir Winston's home are: (from left) Sir Winston, Lady Churchill, Sir Anthony and Lady Eden.



BELOW: British publisher Gordon White, once described as the "35-year-old darling of international society" was married in London recently to 22-year-old Elizabeth Kalen, daughter of the Swedish Ambassador to Venezuela. Miss Kalen and Mr White met in Cannes last summer. Mr White had previously been the escort of Marilyn Monroe, Grace Kelly, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward and Kay Kendall.



ABOVE: Princess Alexandra went recently to the London charity premiere of the film comedy "The Square Peg," which stars Norman Wisdom. The princess is seen talking to Norman and his wife at the premiere. On left may be seen John Davis, chief of the Rank film organisation, and his wife, former actress Dinah Sheridan. Reason for Norman's old-fashioned get-out: he is currently playing in the stage show "Where's Charley?" a musical version of "Charley's Aunt," and he had to dash straight from the premiere to curtain-up—which left him no time to change.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREES



THE CHOCOLATE THAT'S DIFFERENT



PAT SMYTHE



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE BEST THIS CHRISTMAS?



JAYNE MANSFIELD AND DAUGHTER MARIE



SIR MILES THOMAS

If you could have anything in the world for Christmas, what would you choose? And where would you spend Christmas? Eight internationally-known personalities were asked these questions. Their answers were surprising.

BERYL GREY, the famous ballerina, the only British dancer ever to perform with the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow, is Mrs Svend Svendsen in private life, the wife of a Swedish doctor.

"I would love to spend Christmas with my in-laws in Sweden," Miss Grey said. "I have always wanted to see a real Swedish Christmas, but somehow I've always been unable to get there—sometimes because I'm dancing abroad, or on tour.

"In Sweden they celebrate Christmas in a really big way. You have a huge dinner on Christmas Eve, and they all go to the church through the snow on sleighs—my small son Ingvar would just love that."

Will Miss Grey manage to spend Christmas 1958 in Sweden?

"I live in hope," she said.

What would Miss Grey like best of all for a Christmas present?

"I'd like a little house near the sea on the English South Coast," she said. "We've been searching for one for ages, but it always

seems to be the wrong price, or has too many rooms, or too much garden. I have to be fairly near to London so we can't go as far as Devon or Cornwall. But there are just one or two spots on the South Coast that would be ideal, so I'm still hoping something will come up."

"What I'd like to do is to charter the liner and put all my friends on board as passengers—including a member of the crew, Dick Camplin, who taught me all I know. I'd take the family along, too, and Anne of course (Anne Donaghue, the 21-year-old actress to whom Tommy is engaged).

"Around Christmas time I reckon we'd be somewhere in the South Seas, but I'd still have the turkey and Christmas pudding and all the trimmings. Christmas wouldn't be quite the same without them."

JAYNE MANSFIELD'S choice was completely out of character. "What I'd like most of all," said Jayne dreamily, "is a Cornish pasty" delivered to me each week for a year. When I was a little girl in Pennsylvania, my gran used to make me Cornish pasties and I loved them. You know, my family came from Cornwall, originally.

"How I miss those pasties today! The people in Hollywood

just don't know what you are talking about when you mention them. But here in London it is different. My chauffeur knows a lady who makes the most wonderful Cornish pasties, and he brings me along some from time to time."

Jayne was emphatic about where she wanted to spend this Christmas.

"Whatever happens, we're going to spend Christmas right at home this year. We've just bought a new house—it is just an empty shell at the moment, but we are going to decorate it and put in a swimming pool.

"We are going to have a real family Christmas, Mike, Jayne-Marie and me. We'll invite my people over, and I'll cook the turkey."

"Last Christmas, Mike (Mike Hargity, her husband) and I were touring the Far East. We spent Christmas Eve in Korea. This Christmas I want to have all the family at home."

"Last year I had two Christmas-masses," said **JAYNE-MARIE MANSFIELD**, who is seven. "Mummy was

away at Christmas time, but when she came back we had Christmas all over again."

Pat, who lives in a Gloucestershire village when she is not jumping her way round Europe, says that she has little hope of getting her ideal present, but that there is nothing like knowing what she wants.

Pat says she would like to spend the holiday—in the right company—camping by Lake Villarica in Southern Chile.

"It has wonderful scenery with the towering Andes and beautiful lakes and rivers, excellent fishing and perfect peace in ideal mid-summer weather."

SIR MILES THOMAS, chairman of Monsanto, former chairman of British Overseas Airways and probably Britain's best-known industrialist, explains:

"I'd like to be given a little estate with a charming house and excellent stables," says Pat. "I'd like a lovely garden with swimming pool and a tennis court, and also a large barn which could be made into an indoor school for horses, and plenty of good paddocks, with safe fences, for grazing, and a flat field with sprightly turf for a jumping area."

What would he like for a present?

"Although, domestically, we are very happily placed, I'd like a Christmas present would be a

half-crown more than coronets. His usual home, Woburn, in Bedfordshire, attracts record numbers of half-crown visitors each year, and includes such attractions as a pet's corner, a juke-box, and a boat on the lake, as well as a magnificent collection of paintings.

But what many people do not know is that he had

to give up a successful career as a farmer in South Africa when he succeeded to the title (his father died suddenly in 1933). It was not too hard to guess where he would like to spend his ideal Christmas.

"I'd like to go back to my farm in Africa," he said. "It is about 60 miles from Capetown and I haven't been there for a long time. I miss it very much."

Since the Duke of Bedford has to pay off death duties, amounting in all to over a million pounds, he might have asked some help from Santa Claus in paying off the debt—but he had other ideas.

"I'd like a helicopter," he said. "I do a great deal of travelling around Britain and I'm so bored with British roads. I could also use it to commute between Woburn and the continent, or wherever I pleased."

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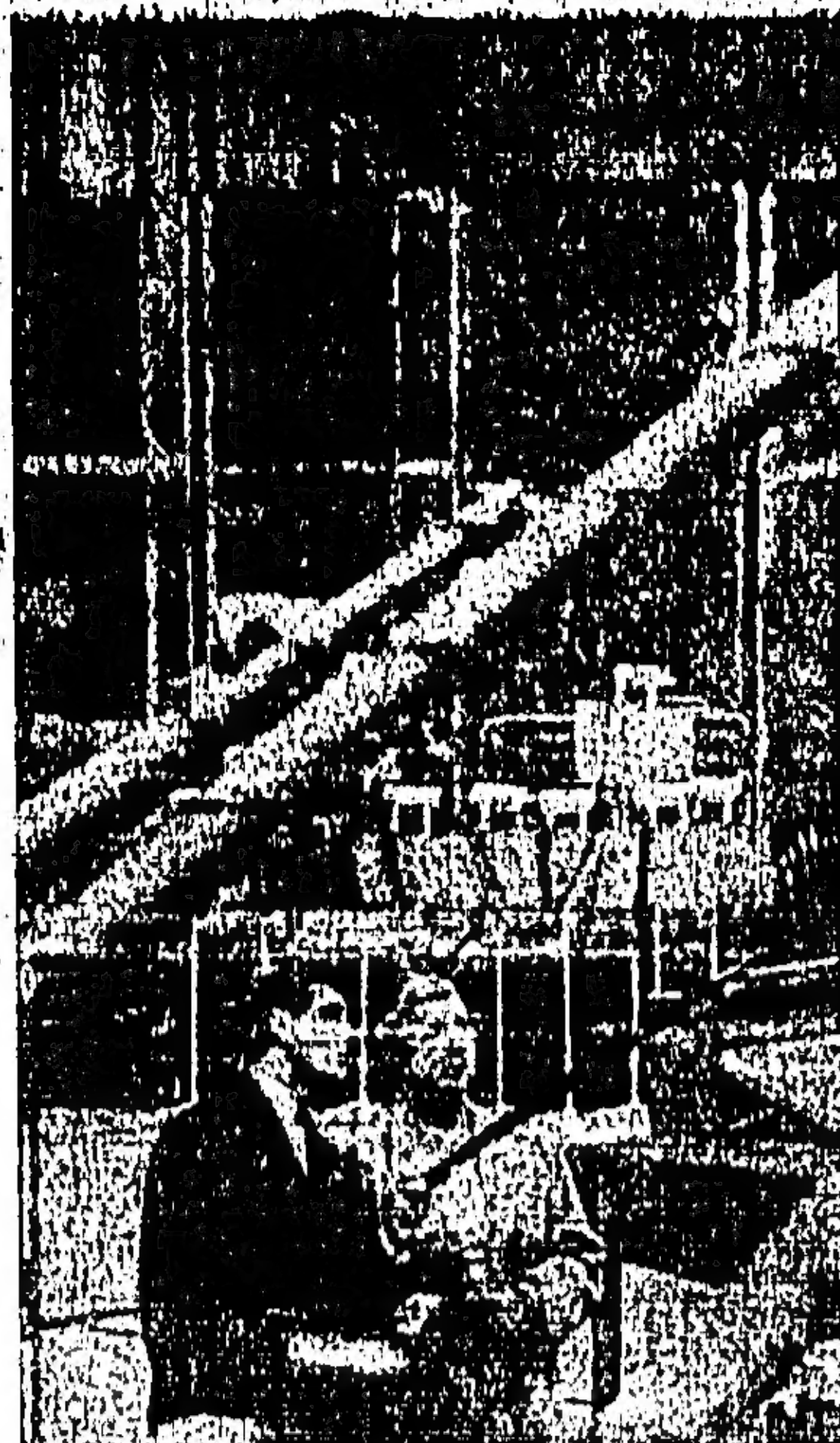


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Camels Sometimes Bite by Logan Gourlay

Last trick out of the pack—dealer takes all!

LOGAN GOURLAY here concludes his satire on the world he knows so well—the world of film stars and the men who control them. So far: Star Anna Price quits a film half-way through after being warned by a card-gazer that she will be disfigured by a bite from a camel also in the cast. While she is pursued to Cannes by the minions of her boss, Hugh Evans, Evans himself comes under the spell of the card-gazer, Wilhemina Worthie. On her advice he closes down his studios. Now a rival film maker, Nat Oliphant, is sitting before the Worthie pack of cards. And the last trick is to be played.....

telephoned asking for an appointment in the afternoon. "Tell her I've given up private readings."

"Anyway I'm going to the pictures this afternoon with that nice young man we met when we were looking over the studio. He says he used to be Sabrina's tax adviser."

Genius

Six months later the first Worthie-inspired film, "The Genius of the East," was shown at the Empire Consolidated Film Corporation.

It was a simple love story between a writer and a girl who had been badly frightened by the threat of a union leader's daughter.

There was an accident at the premiere. As she left the theatre Miss Anna Price was bitten on the left calf by a stray dog which had been badly frightened by the threat of screaming fans. The dog recovered and so did Miss Price.

The film was entitled by the critics as a British "Martyr." The public thronged to see it. The trade papers hailed Mrs. Worthie as a genius. Only she knew that she was not.

As she said to Kenneth, "It was a simple love story between a writer and a girl who had been badly frightened by the threat of a union leader's daughter."

She smiled, showing her new non-Health Scheme dentures. Her brown eyes were warm, serene, and honest. With just a glint of shrewd, sardonic humour.

—THE END—

Now it was her empire ... and all accomplished in a week

MR. TREVOR SALISBURY SMYTHE, C.B.E., was baffled. More baffled than he had ever been by the Turks, the Afghans, the Arabs, or even the Hungarians.

Salisbury Smythe had retired from a series of diplomatic posts to his present job as chairman of the Government Resuscitation and Assistance Board for Film Production (commonly known as GRAB) which made him about the most powerful man in the industry.

Fortunately for British films he was not always fully aware of his power.

He said to two of his subordinates gathered round him for a crisis conference in the board room of GRAB in a narrow building in Dean Street: "But I don't understand. This damn woman, this fortune-teller, can't just stop production in the two leading studios. It's scandalous."

"We've given these companies about six of the 10 million we got from the Government this year. What do I tell the Minister when I see him later this afternoon? It wouldn't be quite so bad if he were one of us. But I've been in trouble ever since these Socialist chaps got in."

"I'm afraid, Sir, no use, sir, with the time-teller," said Subordinate No. 1, a youngish man who had previously been public relations adviser to a breakfast cereal firm.

"We've been to see her several times. We tried to make her see our point of view. To re-think the situation. To deal the cards again, as it were. But she was adamant."

Interrupted

Mr. Salisbury Smythe interrupted with his diplomatic cough.

"What about the film people? Can't we make Oliphant see sense? He won't just chuck good money away."

Subordinate No. 2, who had climbed to his position in GRAB in spite of the fact that he had previously worked in the film business as an associate producer, explained that he had spent the whole morning arguing with Oliphant.

The previous night Oliphant had announced that he had stopped work on his three productions, each of which was intended to exploit the current public taste for gory horror.

"They were titled, 'The Marquis de Sade's Daughter,' 'Frankenstein Meets the Martians,' and 'Dracula and the Nun.' He had also announced that he had abandoned plans to make the first musical horror, a musical featuring Tommy Steele, 'The Trouble with the Devil,' said Subordinate No. 2. 'Is that he's telling the Press that he's done this as a public duty.'

"I wonder the words don't stick in his throat, but he says he feels he cannot go on pandering to the basest sadistic tastes, so he's stopped production with our approval."

"Now we can't very well insist officially that he goes on pandering. But the real reason is that he also has been bitten by the old fortune-teller."

"I believe she told him among other things that his ex-wife—the actress one who has been playing the lady vampire—would insist he was making so much money from the horror films he should trouble her separation allowances."

Mr. Salisbury Smythe, who had been listening with a mixture of sadness and bewilderment on his equine features, said: "I don't think I can survive this."

Saturated

There was another conference going on at the same time in Mr. Oliphant's office at the E.C.F.C. studios.

He was explaining to his associates why they were temporarily idle.

"I don't believe all this guff gave the Press about pandering to low tastes. I've never lost money pandering."

"As I once said to Sam Goldwyn, what's wrong with being a pandarer? But you've got to know when to pander."

"Now this old dame Worthie is a marvel. She looked at the cards and she told me that the bottom was going to fall out of the blood market."

"I wouldn't just take her word for it. But we've got to face it, boys. We've saturated the market."

"So we stop. The three we've got half-finished will look good as assets on the balance sheet." He sat down behind his desk, smaller than the desk in his town office but also kidney-shaped. Before a dieting course Mr. Oliphant had been a similar shape himself.

Summons

He did not tell his associates about all Mrs. Worthie's forecasts—particularly the one that had really endeared her to him.

It was that he would be given the K.B.E. in the next Honours List but one. Sir Nat Oliphant. The apex of his ambitions. But after all, as he said to himself, no more than he deserved. Had he not saved for years organising Royal Charity premieres? Had he not contributed lavishly to every worthy patriotic cause?



Mr. Worthie who had been a trade union pioneer. She took down the cricket photograph showing a capped Mr. Salisbury Smythe which he had forgotten to remove from the panelled office walls.

As she hung up Mr. Worthie in its place, without realising for a moment she was symbolising the changing social face of Britain, she said to Kenneth, her son: "You know, that important Governmental gent who insisted that I have a bash at this job used to know your father in the old days. They were in the same union."

"He was very nice. Said the film business was at an absolute standstill because of me, so I'd have to take over."

Invitation

A secretary came in to say that Mr. Hugh Evans and Mr. Nat Oliphant had both been on the telephone inviting her to dinner that evening.

She accepted Mr. Oliphant's invitation, saying to Kenneth: "Never liked that man Evans. I think he might be out of a job."

"You'll have to see what Oliphant suggests for you. You could take over the canisters for a start. But I don't see why you shouldn't be a producer."

The secretary came back to say that Miss Anna Price had



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DARTWORDS START HERE

1. The first word in today's crossword is a verb meaning to be responsible. It is a word of 10 letters. What is it?

2. A word of 8 letters meaning to be off to make your bed. It is a word of 8 letters. What is it?

3. A word of 10 letters meaning to be off to make your bed. It is a word of 10 letters. What is it?

4. A word of 10 letters meaning to be off to make your bed. It is a word of 10 letters. What is it?

5. A word of 10 letters meaning to be off to make your bed. It is a word of 10 letters. What is it?

6. A word of 10 letters meaning to be off to make your bed. It is a word of 10 letters. What is it?

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8. A word of 10 letters meaning to be off to make your bed. It is a word of 10 letters. What is it?

9. A word of 10 letters meaning to be off to make your bed. It is a word of 10 letters. What is it?

10. A word of 10 letters meaning to be off to make your bed. It is a word of 10 letters. What is it?

(Solution on Page 84)

The Last Chapter Of "The Fabulous Rockefeller Dynasty—Today"

David: young, audacious

"RELENTLESSLY DEDICATED" ... FROM THE CITATION AWARDED
DAVID AN HONORARY LL.D. BY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

JOHN D. delighted in playing a game called Numerica with his grandchildren. Sometimes they played it after breakfast, sometimes at ter supper. Of the five Rockefeller brothers, David, the youngest, must have been very good at it.

Numerica consists of different coloured sets of counters, each set consisting of 52. The counters are numbered from one to 13, so that there are four of each of these numbers in one set. The object is to build four stacks of consecutive numbers as they are called out by the dealer, drawing at random from his own shuffled pile. The chief danger is trapping a small number by a big one, blocking the sequence.

It is easy to understand why the game entranced John D. His fortune was built by a series of quick decisions or meticulously planned moves until his counters, by 1913, totalled \$900,000,000, at which point he called out "Numerica," or as we would say it now, Bingo!

At 43, David is far from ready to cry Numerica! But his life, both as a banker and in the good works he has performed in response to the Rockefeller's golden bugle summons to service, has been a sequence of counters, each one painstakingly placed on another.

Some acquaintances of the family have called David the "serious one" of the brothers. This doesn't quite say it, for it implies continuous caution. Some of the moves of his counters that David has made—his battle, for example, to rehabilitate the Morningside Heights area in Manhattan—have required audacity. David has been bold when the occasion demanded, but he has never been impetuous. His audacity has always been backed by thorough preparation, like that of a military tactician. He moves from the strength of a nearly unassailable position.

Yet, in common with all the Rockefeller brothers, there are aspects of personality that are like pieces packed by mistake into a jigsaw puzzle box. They do not fit anywhere. The brothers are human beings. None is a robot of rigid tradition, as legend tends to make them.

By
JOHN WATSON

David, coming out of World War II with the Legion of Merit, the Army commendation ribbon and the French Legion of Honour, helped a family start a French restaurant. This was no tremendous undertaking in philanthropy in the Rockefeller manner. His

lady wanted to open a French restaurant. David appreciates fine food. It was a commendable cause. David also likes good wine. So he bought a piece of a French vineyard. One wonders whether, as he goes about the orderly routine of his bankers' day, he does not wish on occasions that he was at ease among his grapes, holding a glass, perhaps, and watching the "beaded bubbles blinking at the brim," as Keats put it with ecstatic alliteration.

If there moments occur, they do not last longer than it takes to say Chase Manhattan. As vice chairman of New York City's largest bank (the nation's second largest) David has plenty to do. In addition he is president of Rockefeller

a city in a section that is occupied by day by men of finance, brokers, the speculative and fish markets, and by night resembles a grotesque skyscraper graveyard, except for a few policemen, bums, and what rats.

When the nucleus of the plan became known a couple of years ago, with announcement that Chase Manhattan would put up a 60-storey building with spectacular plaza, one New York newspaper surmised the development might be known as "Downtown Rockefeller Centre." David did not find the suggestion either constructive or amusing. He said he had no idea what it would be called and added, "I know one name that won't be attached to it."

DAVID, 43, the youngest, is the subject of a penetrating study in this, the final article of the series on "The Fabulous Rockefeller Dynasty." He is described as audacious but not impetuous, a thorough tactician who knew what he was doing and went right ahead.

David began playing Numerica with his career on his graduation from Harvard at the age of 21. Presumably he could have gone immediately into banking. The Rockefellers had an interest in Chase National, as it was then called. David's uncle, Winthrop Aldrich, was chairman of the board. But he did not want a soft, cushy job, or anything approaching one.

His next counter was a year at the London School of Economics, and on top of that he placed another counter of hard study for a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. One of the society writers of the time wrote a column full of sweet distress. Why, oh why, she moaned, did this sensationally eligible bachelor spend a summer vacation bawling up on political economy when he might have been the delight of hostesses and the quarry of highly marriageable girls and or their mothers? The writer would have plaintively endorsed the title of David's thesis, "Unused Resources and Economic Waste"—but not in the context he meant.

But, surely with a doctorate hanging from his belt, David was now ready for Chase, and Chase for him. Not for a while.

At 24 David became one of the secretaries of New York's Mayor LaGuardia—without pay. "This just seemed to me," he said, "an extraordinary opportunity to find out about municipal government, so I took it." He spent a year finding out and then moved into an outpost of Federal government, becoming

assistant regional director of the U.S. Office of Defense Health and Welfare.

Then the war engulfed us and, in 1942, David enlisted as a private in the Army, following the example of his brother Winthrop. He did not go through combat, as Winthrop did, but he served with distinction (as his honours attest) in North Africa, and France. He came out of it a captain.

Now he placed the Chase counter of his personal Numerica on his pile. He began in the lowest junior executive position, as assistant manager in the foreign department. But it was not long before he cornered those who through envy and polite malice wanted to think he was riding on the Rockefeller name, that he intended to be judged on his own accomplishments as an individual.

David never sidestepped work. He invited it. And when he had a point to make, a position to take, he made sure he had marshalled every possible fact to support him. "It's hard to argue with him," one of his associates remarked, "because he always makes sure his position is reasonable."

He brought the same planning in the part all Rockefeller must play in philanthropic endeavours and good works of their own. Besides these activities already mentioned, David became executive committee chairman of International House, the home for foreign students in New York; and vice chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.



MAYOR LA GUARDIA AND DAVID ROCKEFELLER
Shown in 1940, when the latter served as Mayor's Secretary

But the tactical preparation and the audacity of which he is capable are perhaps best illustrated in his presidency of Morningside Heights, Inc.

This is an area of Manhattan that was becoming an oasis of culture in a creeping desert of slums. Morningside Heights, speaking culturally, means Columbia University, Harvard College, Juilliard School of Music, Union Theological Seminary, Riverside Church. David's first move to thrust back the desert was to organize these institutions into the corporation of Morningside Heights.

Out of this unity came the suggestion that city government to wipe out two whole blocks, of slum encroachment and to replace them with a Morningside Heights sponsored housing development. The Communists thought that David had handed them an issue on a Rockefeller platter. They used all the cunning they had—and they are con-

ceded experts—in stirring up has consistently disclaimed, personal credit for any of his accomplishments. "These things are never done by one person," he says. He is, of course, right. But there is one person, usually, who is the driving force behind them. Lawrence M. Ortiz, member of the City Planning Commission and executive director of Morningside Heights, Inc., had this to say a couple of years ago:

"It is largely due to David Rockefeller's leadership that Morningside Heights became a reality. He is a happy example of the younger men, who are accepting responsibility for advancing the development of the entire city."

As David has advanced in banking—from assistant manager to vice president, executive vice president and now vice chairman—he has grown equally as a person. And so has he answered, in his "relentlessly dedicated" way, the golden bugle, call of the Rockefellers.

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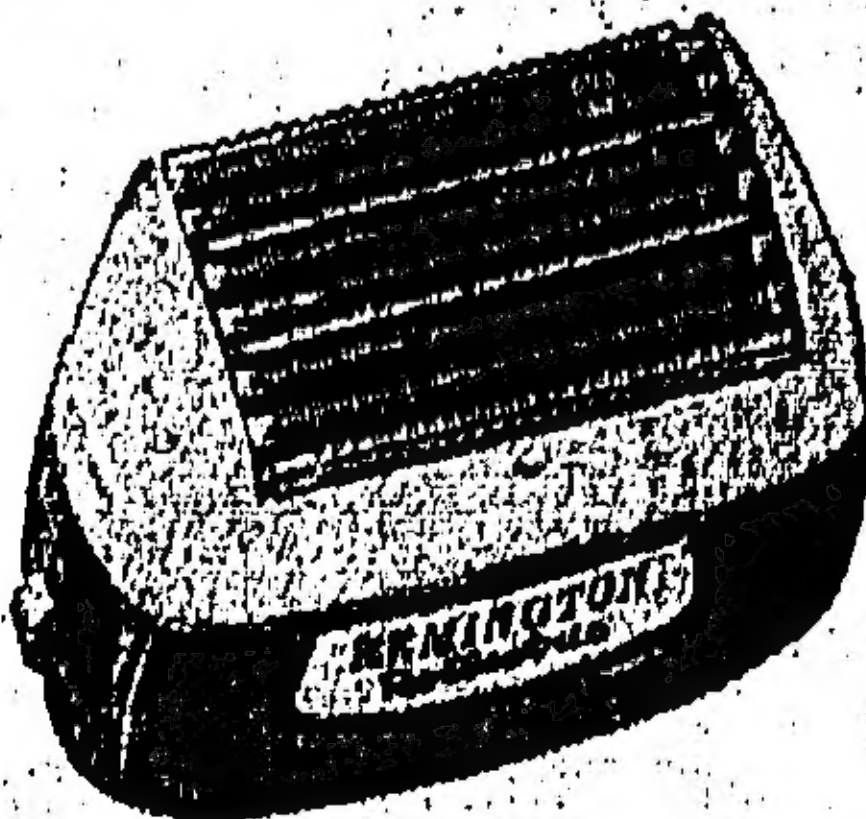
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A Christmas Carol

By CHARLES DICKENS

SCROOGE! A grasping, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out in his grating voice. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

Once upon a time—on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. A door was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond was copying letters.

"A Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!" suddenly cried a cheerful voice—the voice of Scrooge's nephew, Fred, come unawares upon him.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!" "Merry Christmas! What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, gaily. "What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! It's my business to be a little hard on the people."

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women cease by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

"You're quite a powerful speaker, sir, I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge. "Bah!"

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to exchange the greetings of the season with the clerk, Bob Cratchit.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him: "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of himself. That afternoon he turned away two gentlemen soliciting Christmas help for the poor. There were workhouses, what more did the poor want? He drove off a lad who attempted to sing a Christmas carol under his window.

When the hour of shutting up arrived, Scrooge rasped to the

expectant clerk: "Christmas is a poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and went home to bed. He lay in chambers which had once belonged to his partner, Jacob Marley. Marley was as dead as a door nail.

Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker—without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

To say that he was not startled, would be untrue. But he turned the key sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

However, before he shut his door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. Quite satisfied, he locked himself in, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and night-cap; and sat down before the fire.

The fireplace was an old one, paved with tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, was in every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

A disused bell, that hung in the room, began to swing and ring. This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His colour changed, though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes.

Marley's ghost! Marley in his rig-fall, waistcoat, and boots. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was made of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent, so that Scrooge, looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caudal and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

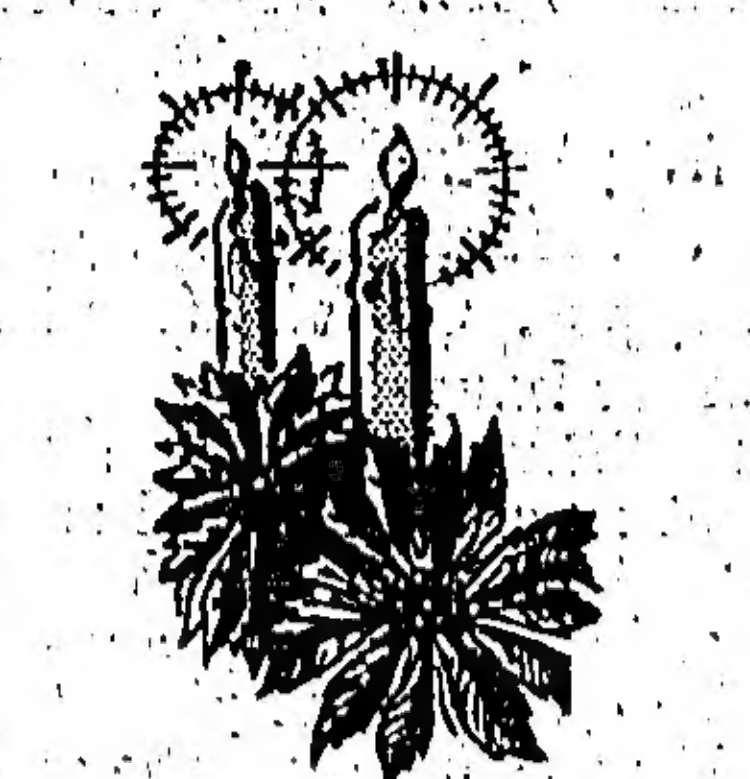
"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy, than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

"The spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise, that Scrooge fell upon his knees. 'Mercy!' he said. 'Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?' 'I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.'



Condensation Made
Especially for This Page
By CLARK KINNAIRD

"Spirit, remove me from this place!" He was conscious of being overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, after a long time, he fell to bed, before he sank into a heavy sleep.



Awakening in the middle of a prodigiously tough

night, he found himself the very centre of a glare of light, which streamed in from the adjoining room. He got up and went to the door.

It was his own room. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, holly, mistletoe and ivy, that the light shone through them, and the chimney was a great

throne, upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon his couch there sat a jolly Giant.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better; man! am the Ghost of Christmas Present."

He took the easily submissive Scrooge away on wings of wind to the four-room house of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's clerk.

There was Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly, in a two-coloured gown, but brave in ribbons; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter, plunged a fork into the soup, and got the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly dined, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table.

And in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comber, exclaiming, 'the prize hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim, upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs Cratchit.

"Not coming?" said Bob. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

His eldest daughter, Martha, an apprentice maid home for the day, didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out premature, from behind the closet door, where she had hidden, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits bore off Tiny Tim, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

Bob compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds—and in truth it was so, hanging very high in that house. Mrs Cratchit made the gravy (Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour, Mrs Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; the two young Cratchits got chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs Cratchit prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board.

There never was such a goose! Its tenderness and flavour, its aid, 'obscure new' were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a



"There never was such a goose!" Christmas at the Cratchits. This and other illustrations on this page are reproduced from the famous drawings by John Leach for the original edition.



"His body was transparent, so that Scrooge, looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind."

sufficient dinner for the whole family. Everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid!

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs Cratchit entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs Cratchit since their marriage. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

Here is the Story That Was Instrumental in Saving Christmas for Future Generations

—G. K. Chesterton

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as jolly as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody!"

Running to the window, he opened it, put out his head, and called downward to a boy in Sunday clothes: "What's today?"

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it!"

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family repeated.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all. "Mr. Scrooge," said Bob, raising his glass again, "I'll give you the founder of the feast!" "The founder of the feast indeed!" cried Mrs Cratchit. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon."

"My dear," said Bob, "Christmas day," said Mrs Cratchit, "I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, unfeeling man. You know he is Robert!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer. "Christmas day," they all drank the toast together.

Much Scrooge and the Spirit saw, and far they went. Then the bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded coming, like a mist along the ground towards him. This was the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come.

It let him overhear a knot of operators on Exchange discussing the death of Ebenezer Scrooge, without regret, and showed him a neglected grave.

Scrooge could stand no more. "Spirit!" he cried, "I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me!"

The Spectre shrunk into a bed-post. Yes! and the bedpost was Scrooge's own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. A bright morning lay outside his window.

"Away they all went, twenty couples at once, hands half around and back again the other way" . . . Christmas at the Fezziwigs.



"Away they all went, twenty couples at once, hands half around and back again the other way" . . . Christmas at the Fezziwigs.

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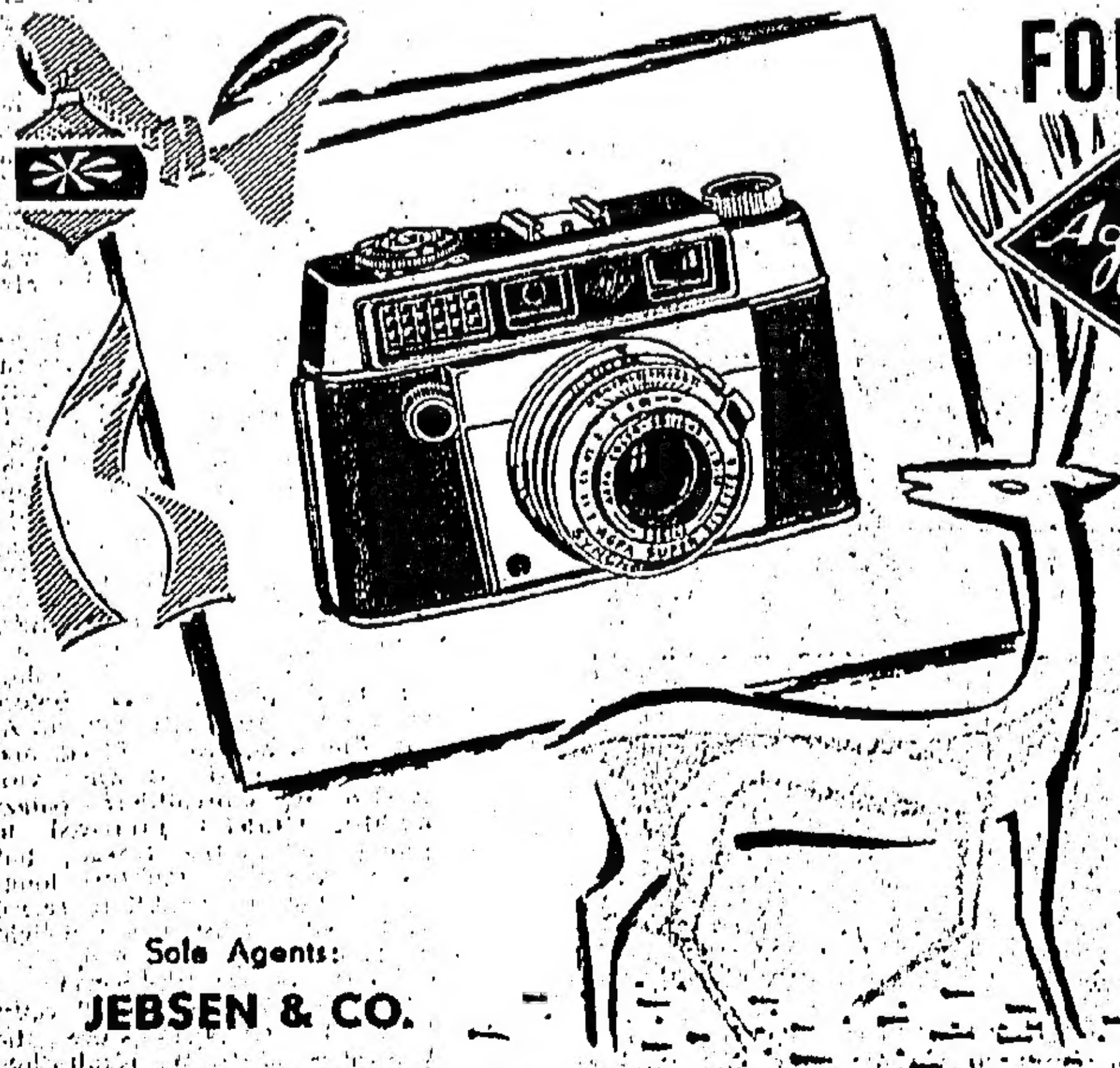
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VICTORIA AND ELIZABETH

By John Chambers

ONE hundred years ago, Queen Victoria and her family sat down to their Christmas Day dinner at Windsor. There were more than a dozen courses. It took them the remainder of the afternoon to recover from the sumptuous feast which had been preceded that day by the usual five-course breakfast.

This December 25, Queen Victoria's great-great-granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth II, has less than an hour to rest after Christmas dinner. Then she must dress and be made-up by an expert for her second Christmas Day television broadcast.

This is the fundamental difference between the Christmas of the Queen of today and the Queen of a century ago . . . a difference of tempo. Victoria had no special engagements on Christmas Day, 1838.

Elizabeth is kept so busy that she has to open her presents on Christmas Eve.

Eating on the scale of the Victorians would make it impossible for the present-day Queen to get through her hectic programme. So she has the simplest of Christmas Day meals—a modest turkey dinner followed by a light helping of the traditional plum pudding.

But for the Victorians, eating and drinking was the main part of Christmas Day. And with whisky at twenty shillings a gallon and beer at tenpence a gallon, drinking was a major part of the nation-wide merry-making.

In 1858, some 60,000 gaupers in London received gifts of roast beef or pork, potatoes, plum pudding and a pint of porter. There was plenty of food and drink for all. But the finest tables of all were to be seen at Windsor Castle, where Victoria and her family always spent their Christmas holidays.

On Christmas Day, two huge boars' heads and a gargantuan baron of beef would be roasted before the coal ranges. The menu would also include stuffed turkey, roast cygnet, woodcock pie,

Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and the Royal children with one of the first Christmas trees ever seen in Britain. According to an account in a contemporary journal, the tree was 8 ft high and "pendant from the branches are elegant trays, baskets, bonbonnières, and other receptacles for sweetmeats, of the most varied and expensive kind, and of all forms, colours, and degrees of beauty. . . . The name of the recipient is affixed to the doll, bonbon, or other present intended for it, so that no difference of opinion in the choice of dainties may arise to disturb the equanimity of the illustrious juveniles." (Acknowledgments to Illustrated London News).

Queen Elizabeth II made her first Christmas Day television appearance last year. Our picture shows her making this historic broadcast to the Commonwealth. The microphone is concealed in a vase of flowers. On the desk, too, are framed photographs of Charles, Prince of Wales, and Princess Anne.

plum pudding and mince pies. Two dozen bottles of brandy went into the mince meat for the Royal Family; 150 eggs went into the plum puddings for the Royal Household. The pudding, made from an old Buckingham Palace recipe, also contained four gallons of strong ale, a bottle of rum, and brandy again.

In 1858, the royal baron of beef was supplied by a Mr. Hughes of Peacock Street, Windsor, and it is recorded that "the noble joint was cut from a prize Highland ox fed at Norfolk Farm by the Prince Consort and weighed 3 cwt. It was, as is the custom, decorated and placed cold on the side table in the royal dining room, with the bear's head and woodcock plumed, on Christmas Day, where it remained till New Year's Day. The following year there were no 'beef-saving devices' in the castle kitchens. Instead of a refrigerator, they had a Royal Ice-

man, who would cut great chunks of ice from the rivers on the royal estate and store them in neat blocks in a "grotte" at

The kitchen staff toiled among gas stoves and turnspits, and many of them had quaint titles, like the Men of the Green Office who cleaned the vegetables, and the Steam Man who cooked them.

A century ago the Queen's larders were stocked with more food than the residents could hope to eat in a year. For Victoria liked to give food away at Christmas. A shoulder of lamb would go to each worker on the estates; large pies, containing turkey, chicken, pheasant, woodcock and stuffing, were sent to her friends.

Today, Queen Elizabeth also makes traditional presents—a 2lb Christmas pudding to each member of the staff at Sandringham; one hundredweight of coal each to about 1,000 old and needy people living in Royal Windsor; and, following a custom begun by her grandfather, George V, two Christmas trees

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



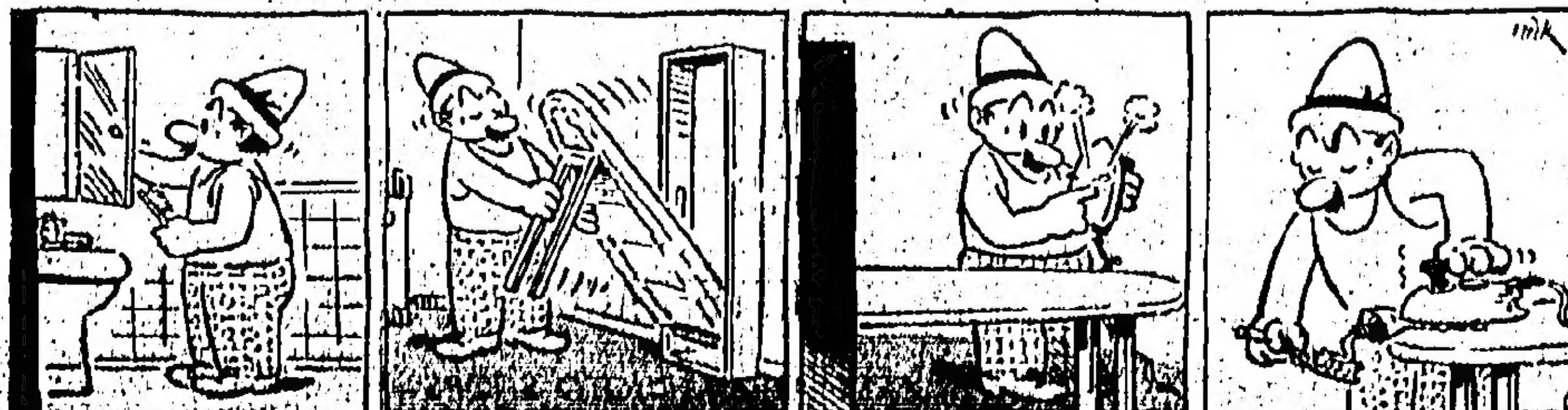
BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris



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Shortly before Christmas, Victoria also presented a small gift to each member of her staff. Members would enter a drawing room in order of seniority, bow or curtsy according to the sex, and receive it from the Queen herself.

Elizabeth has continued this custom. But nowadays all the members of the Royal Household are asked what presents they would like. The Queen spends £2 to £3 on each.

As in Victoria's day, the staff are also given a splendid Christmas dinner. In addition they are allowed to hold their own Christmas parties at the various royal residences.

King George VI introduced this most democratic custom. The parties, which extend until two o'clock in the morning, are organised and financed by the staff and the Royal Family attend as guests.

The Royal Household Christmas parties have a fairy-tale atmosphere, for they really provide an opportunity for the courtiers to dance with the Princesses, the esquire with the Prince, and the page with the Queen.

Since the days of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, the royal Christmas has been celebrated each year at Sandringham, a rather ugly unpretentious manor house in Norfolk. Here, in a house surrounded by wooded grounds, the family is able to enjoy complete privacy.

Only during the war years from 1940-44, did the Royal Family spend Christmas at Windsor. Then Queen Victoria would have been astonished by the informal and festive atmosphere which prevailed at her traditional Christmas residence.

In those years, Princess Elizabeth and Margaret helped to write, stage and produce their own pantomime each year. They also played leading parts, acting alongside members of the staff.

The first royal show was in 1940 when the two princesses sang in a nativity play. The following year they presented their first pantomime, Cinderella. Elizabeth was Prince Charming; Margaret was Cinderella; and Cyril Woods, the office boy in the Castle's Supply Department, was the principal comedian. The script was liberally sprinkled with jokes about the Royal Family and members of the Royal Household.

Many friends were invited to Windsor to see the pantomimes presented in the historic Waterloo Chamber. A stage was erected, programmes were printed, floodlights and spotlights were installed. And each year after the show Princess Elizabeth gave a tea party for the cast.

Victoria had a great love of the stage. But she would most certainly have been surprised to see two princesses dancing and singing such numbers as "Swing on a Star" and "It's Foolish, but it's Fun." In her day the Christmas entertainment at Windsor was starchy.

At a Victorian Christmas, a Guards band would always play classical music during dinner, and afterwards the Queen's private band played for the Royal Family and their guests as they rested in the drawing rooms. It was all very refined; the most popular items were by Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and Rossini.

The entertainment was slightly more festive on Christmas Day.



Christmas dinner at Windsor a hundred years ago was planned with the precision of a military operation. Here, in a contemporary print, is the scene in the Royal kitchen at Windsor Castle as it-hour approaches. (Acknowledgments to Illustrated London News.)

1856; in the evening the Orpheus Glee Union sang a few songs and carols. And on New Year's Day a professional company, headed by Sims Reeves and Clara Novello, presented a play at Windsor.

But if Queen Victoria's Christmas was more formal and less lively than Queen Elizabeth's, it was essentially the same in spirit. For Victoria set the pattern for royal Christmases. She was the first great sovereign to gather her family around a Christmas tree and the first to send Christmas cards.

On December 20, 1858, Victoria, the Prince Consort and their children left by train for Windsor from Osborne, their residence in the Isle of Wight. Today only the route has changed. The Queen, Prince Philip and the children, leaving a family affair and a holiday devoted chiefly to the children. In 1858, Victoria had seven of her nine children at Windsor. Now, at Sandringham, Princess Anne and Prince Charles are joined by train for Sandringham from King's Cross, London, three or four days before Christmas.

For more than a century the royal Christmas has been largely by the two young sons of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and young Prince Michael of Kent.

Although some of the children's Christmas toys have changed almost beyond recognition in the past century, the chief recreations of the Royal Family are basically the same.

As today, the chief recreation for Queen Victoria and her children during the Christmas holidays, was riding, while the men spent most days shooting game.

But the programme on Christmas Day has changed considerably. In 1856, the Royal Family attended divine service in the private chapel at Windsor in the morning, and the Queen entertained a few friends to dinner. For the rest of the day, the children played with their toys, while the adults rested in the drawing rooms, talking and listening to classical music.

Today the Royal Family have a much more energetic Christmas Day. As in most homes, it begins with the excitement of the children opening presents before breakfast. Then they give presents to the adults; the Duchess

of Gloucester and Princess Alexandra of Kent have extra presents since this is also their birthday.

Early in the morning the all the family attend morning

service at Sandringham Church. Dinner is served at about 1.15 p.m. and afterwards the family gather around a blazing log fire in the drawing room to watch the Queen's broadcast on television.

The royal Christmas Day broadcast was first made by King George V in 1933 and was televised last year for the first time. Today the Queen's message is heard by more than 150 million people in almost every part of the Commonwealth.

The broadcast lasts only about seven minutes, but it keeps teams of radio and television technicians busy for several days. Lines are laid from Sandringham to the local Exchange at King's Lynn; the Long Library, originally built by King Edward VII as an American bowling alley, is converted into a television studio; thirty-five technicians, working on the television broadcast, have to have their Christmas dinner cold in a recreation room adjoining Sandringham House.

Only after her broadcast at three o'clock can Queen Elizabeth begin to relax on Christmas Day with her children. And even then she has not completed her programme. For in the evening she attends Christmas Day by attending a carol service at nearby West Newton Church.

ENDS



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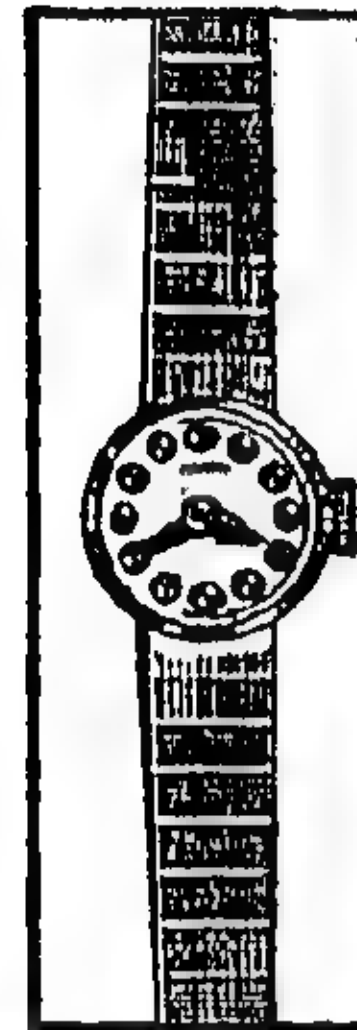
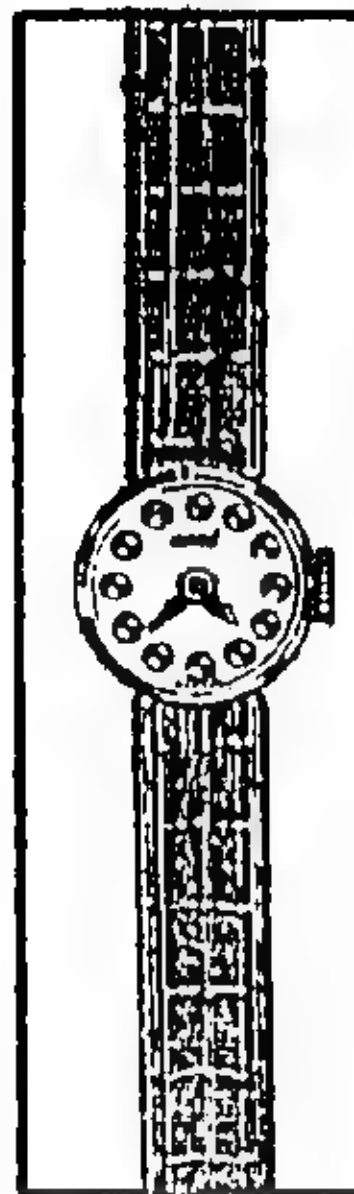
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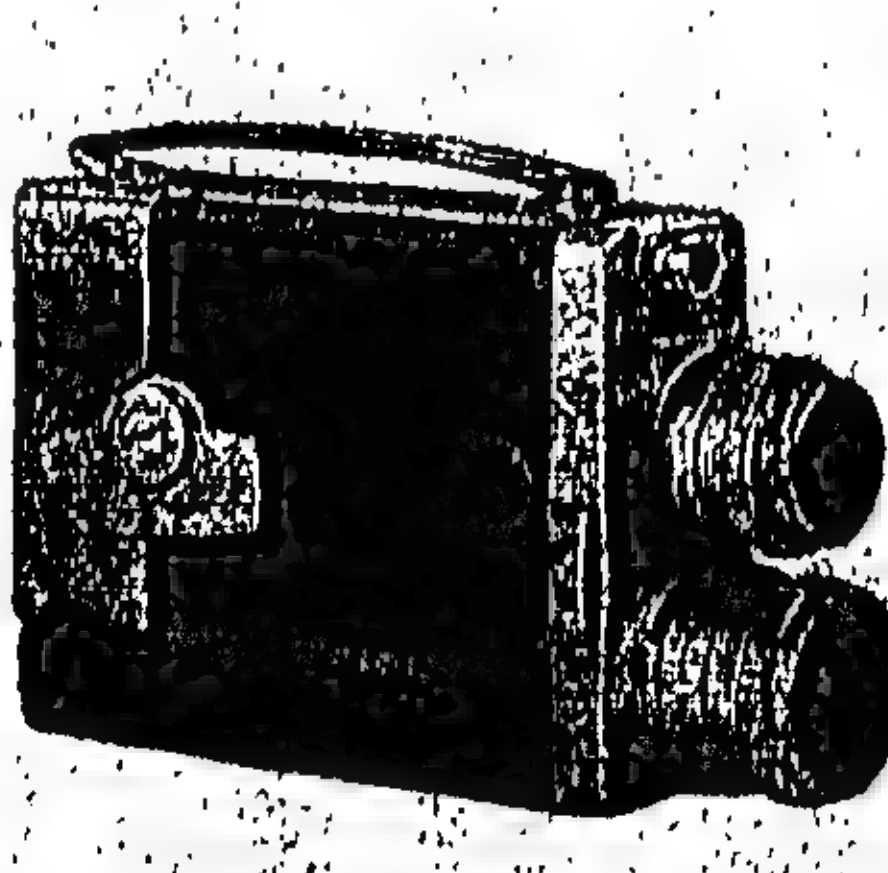
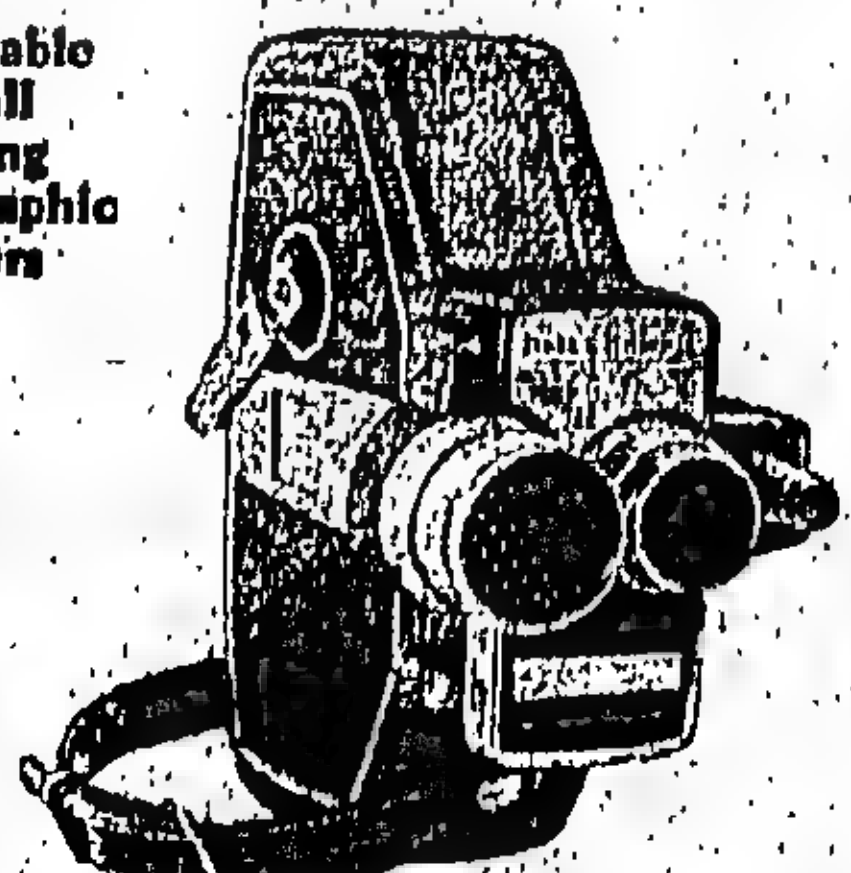
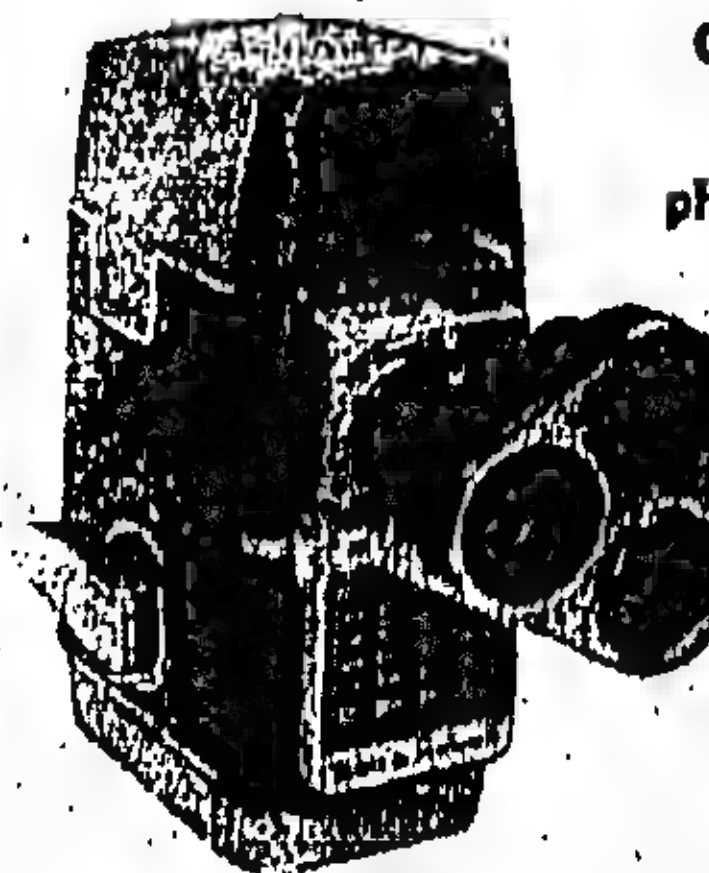
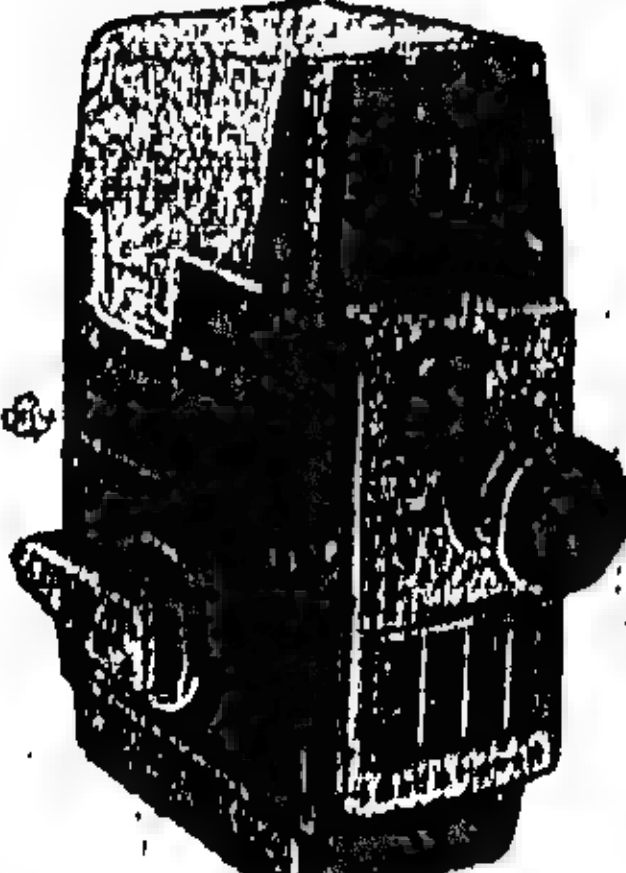
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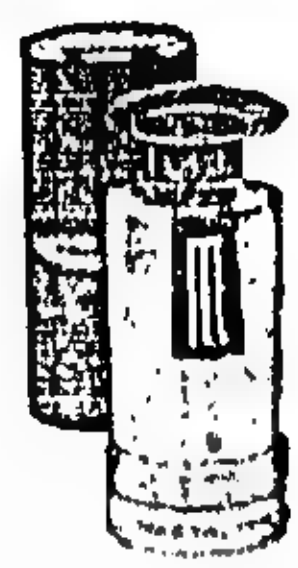


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The date: Christmas Day, 1914. The scene: No-man's-land in the Armentieres sector. British and German officers and men forgot they were supposed to be enemies and called a brief, unofficial truce. German cigars were swapped for English bully beef. Then the generals withdrew the regiments concerned, and the war was resumed.

The Day The War Stopped

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1914. Sergeant-Major Gould, of the North Staffordshire Regiment, thought about his home and family in England and happier Christmases.

Reality was a water-logged trench on the Armentieres sector of the Allied front line on which Britain and Germany were locked in bloody, muddy conflict; miserable, cold and wet, eternal bully beef for dinner and death round every corner.

The trill of a field telephone jerked Gould back to reality.

The excited operator stammered: "Sir, something funny's happening. The Germans are sitting on top of the trenches and have lit fires and candles. And they're singing hymns."

The puzzled Gould immediately sent a message to the Company Commander to come over. Then he went to see for himself what was happening. Even now, Frederick Gould cannot conceal the amazement in his voice as he recalls, "I could see the lights of fires and bonfires and could hear the sound of singing.

"Our men were also sitting on top of their trenches and I could make out figures moving in no-man's-land.

"Despite the fact that it was Christmas Eve I didn't feel happy about things and made sure that the men in the support trenches were covering the front line men.

"I remembered what had happened in September to our neighbouring regiment, the Sherwood Foresters. "In a lull a party of stretcher bearers came out of the German trenches holding up a white flag and were apparently going to recover their wounded.

"Suddenly the men dropped the white flag and the stretchers produced machine guns and strafed the Sherwoods. I wondered if a similar trick was being played on us.

"I mentioned this to one of my men and he said his pals had told him the Germans who were now freely moving about in no-man's-land had warned him of the Prussians who did such tricks. They, however, were Saxons and had a fellow feeling for the Anglo-Saxons.

"But I warned the sentries to keep our men covered all the time and give immediate alarm if they saw anything suspicious. "Meanwhile a message came back that a German soldier was asking to speak to an officer, so "C" Company Commander decided to go and investigate.

"The German spoke excellent English—he had been a waiter in England before the war—and he was anxious to swap German cigars for bully beef.

"The officer was still suspicious and more so when the soldier suggested that as it was Christmas there should be a truce.

"The Company Commander asked to be taken to an officer in the German lines. He was taken to a group of officers standing by a ruined farmhouse. This time it was the Germans' turn to be suspicious. They kept asking him if he were a spy.

"When he finally convinced them he was not, they exchanged Christmas greetings and arranged a truce to begin immediately and last until eleven o'clock in the evening of Christmas Day.

The truce was arranged only between the infantry of each

side. Neither side could answer for their artillery whose guns were positioned a mile behind the front line.

"We could hardly believe it," says Gould. "We had all been expecting a miserable day in the cold and wet with nothing to remind us for Christmas."

The scene that Christmas Eve was a wonderful, macabre paradox.

Bonfires and twinkling candles blazed out a message of warmth and Christmas cheer; their light silhouetted faces joined in carols and hymns, the faces of men recently joined in bloody combat. It showed, too, the frozen corpses which had lain for days untouched because of the fighting.

So the night of Christmas eve passed in peace. On Christmas morning a British officer gave the Germans permission to move about freely on the opposite side of the frozen corpses that lay between the trenches.

The British sent out burial parties, too, and it was while these operations were being carried out that the opposite sides really got together, talking as best they could about themselves, their homes and everything they could think of.

Some of the men who had previously been sniping at each other with rifles started a rough and ready game of football.

It was all so incredible, this oasis of peace in the middle of a desert of death. Says Gould: "I still could not believe it was true, so I kept the men manning the support trenches."

The Germans did the same thing and a British officer who tried to peep into one of their trenches was promptly warned off by an invisible sentry.

But otherwise all was peace and goodwill, and the troops posed for photographs. The official history of the North Staffordshire Regiment notes that the German officers "were magnificently polished and clean which unfortunately the British officers were not."

Came eleven o'clock and the agreed time for ending this unofficial truce.

But not a shot was fired.

On the morning of the next day "C" Company Commander of the North Staffordshire was told that a German officer wished to speak to him in no-man's-land.

The officer went out to meet the German who told him that his colonel had given orders for a renewal of hostilities at mid-day and "might the men be warned to keep down please."

The warning was passed on and mid-day neared. Just as

hostilities were about to begin again, a tin was thrown into the North Staffordshire lines. In it was a piece of paper which said: "We shoot into the air."

Mid-day arrived and a few sporadic shots were fired high over the trenches. Then all was quiet again.

The brief taste of peace had been sweet, and the truce went on.

Word of it filtered back to the opposing High Commands. They looked upon it with grave disfavor. There was no knowing what might have happened if

the truce had spread. It might even have finished the war.

Curiously, though, neither High Command took any disciplinary action.

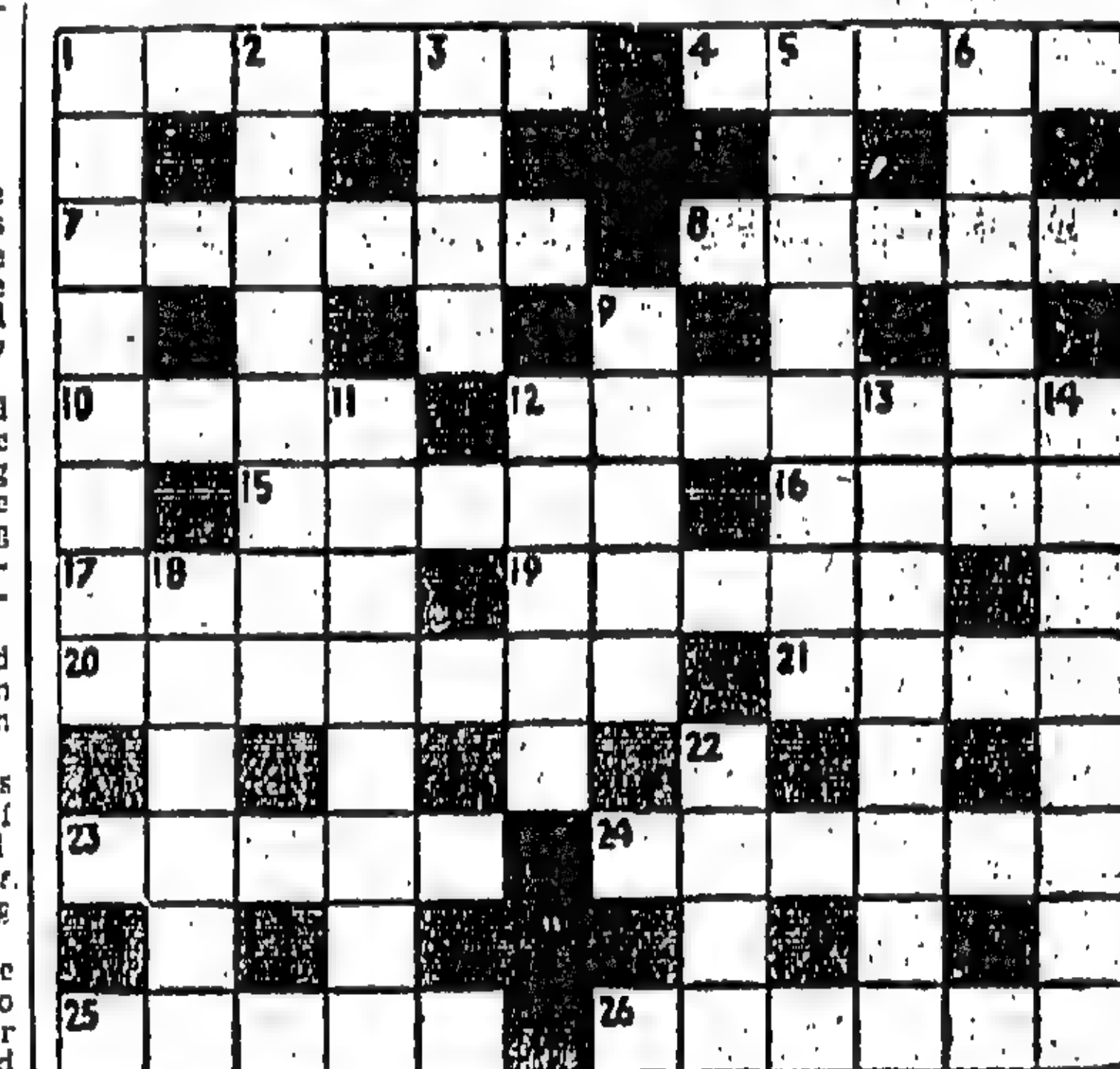
But they broke the truce. After six days of unofficial peace in the Armentieres sector, the North Staffordshires were ordered out of the line and replaced by another regiment.

The Germans also pulled out the Saxon infantry. But before the Saxons left their trenches, they made a last gesture of friendship. They shouted a warning, "The Prussians are coming to replace us. Watch out. They cannot be trusted."

The replacement regiments moved in on either side. A rifle cracked. The Great War was on again.

ENDS

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Cut short (6).
- 4 Chic (5).
- 7 Do for you? (6).
- 8 Quicker game, it seems (5).
- 10 Use sound sense (4).
- 12 Not in the vicinity (7).
- 15 Go into dock for this, as a rule (5).
- 16 In addition (4).
- 17 Perhaps aerial incursion (4).
- 19 Remained, by the sound of it, quite sober (5).
- 20 To which conspirators may be sworn (7).
- 21 Build a home (4).
- 23 Just a seel (5).
- 24 Seaside resort (6).
- 25 Many folk to win, but are not far away (5).
- 26 Jack in the corner (6).

DOWN

- 1 Relatives in an enclosed order (8).
- 2 Minorities, for example, is such an island (5).
- 3 It's the limit in pledges (4).
- 5 Geographical high-spot (6).
- 6 The Cornishmen are after them (6).
- 9 Song book, perhaps (5).
- 11 Makes a fresh plan (6).
- 12 Flat music? (5).
- 13 Somebody locally (8).
- 14 His victims may find themselves racked (6).
- 18 Familiar root-lop feature these days (6).
- 22 No company gathering (4).

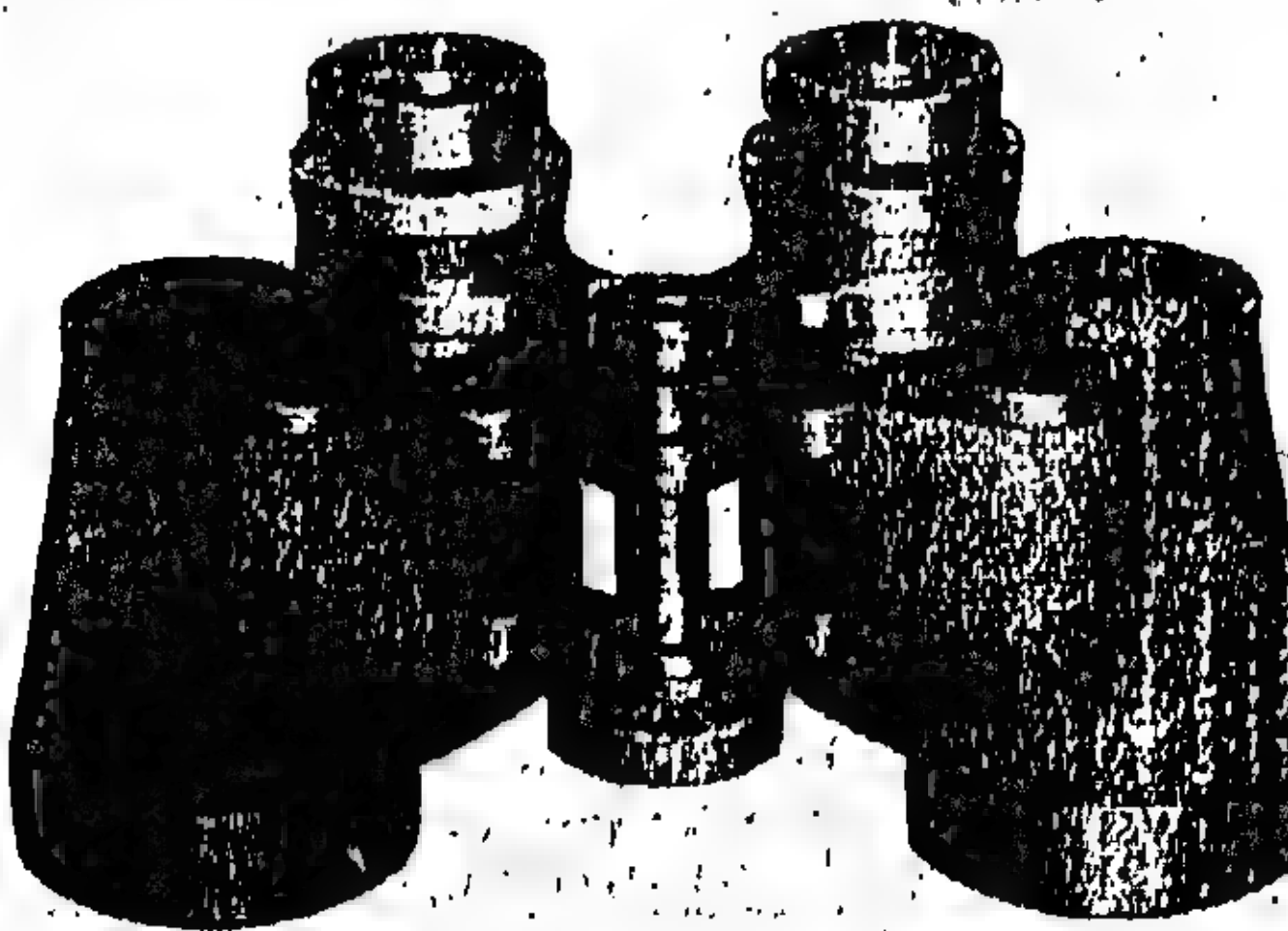
YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION—Across: 3 Perverse, 5 No good, 9 Well done, 11 Renowned, 12 Dene, 13 Swoon, 18 Sun-up, 19 Oval, 22 Serenade, 24 Consider, 25 Delany, 26 Minstrel. Down: 1 Entry, 2 Aston, 3 Power, 4 Eden, 5 Veld, 6 Rotted, 7 Erection, 11 Lemon, 14 Outed, 15 Numeral, 16 Non-com, 17 Cannan, 20 D-aunt, 21 Popsy, 22 Silt, 23 Red-o.

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"NOW if some little perisher goes for your beard, you get him by the hand just as though you were shaking it and swing him round to face the exit."

My gentle dreams of what heart-warming work being a Santa Claus would be were disappearing as fast as a fire-eater's eyebrows on a windy day.

"Then give 'im a good shove."

I was in the capable hands of Mr. Billy Batt, the Cecil B. de Mille of Santa Clauses, who demonstrated what constituted a good shove in the small, snow-capped world of Christmas specialists.

Such missionary work I knew to be well beyond me—but I was allowed to hear about parents.

"Yes, the parents are most important. Never check the parents back. A Santa at Stratford was carried down the stairs and thrown into the street by some duds he checked.

"Better start getting used to the feel of your uniform," said Mr Batt.

"I really like to train Santas over a number of weeks so they can break down their self-consciousness by taking their uniform home and saying to the old girl: 'I'll just try on my uniform for a while, dear,' and then sitting by the fire chatting until he gets used to it.

"The rouge always upsets them, though. Take a man whose hair is banked back for 35 years, he doesn't like rouging his cheeks. But you can't have an unhealed Santa Claus, can you?"

I was bundling into a beautiful Santa uniform ('I always carry a spare with me, you never know') and listening to Mr Batt's scorn for 'arty, grubby Santa Clauses who wear long coats like made-over dressing-gowns and have their ordinary trousers showing underneath."

Mr Batt's uniform is nothing at all complete, although I was not let into the delicate secret of what other Santa Clauses wear as underwear.

"But you'll soon find out," he said with a laugh surprisingly hard for a man whose livelihood depends on pleasant Yuletide things.

"What do I say to them?" I begged.

"Well, you can start off by asking, 'What's your name?'" said Super-Santa. "Then he says 'Alan.' And you says, 'Are you a good boy, Alan?' and his mother chips in with, 'Yes, but he don't eat his greens, Santa, and you say surprised-like 'You don't eat your greens! That's not very nice, is it?'"

"Then if he asks for a two-wheel bike and they all ask for two-wheel bikes, you say he can have it if he eats his greens and promises not to go on the main roads.

"That way you've got him to eat his green and given 'im a tip on road safety."



But it was a heart-failing moment when a murmuring and questioning flock of children, led by their mothers, came upon me as I stood, shaking, by my Christmas tree.

"Now give 'em something to remember. They're never going to forget you," came Mr Batt's voice heartily through the screen.

These enormous, wide eyes, so blank, so ready to receive any impression I cared to give. The requesters blithely seemed suddenly appalling.

Dropping my voice to what I hoped was a masculine pitch, I started grinding out good will.

"Elio, little girl, what's your name?" The little girl disappeared over her mother's shoulder like a rabbit over a hill.

"Give 'er a present, quick," whispered Mr Batt.

That brought her back like magic. I'd never seen such a change. That's the secret, I said to myself, hand over presents at once.

So I was lashing out with nursery rhyme books, plastic necklaces, plastic handkerchiefs (a good one this, I thought) and a balloon each which Mr Batt was blowing up behind-scenes.

My beard was starting to work between my teeth and down my throat. I was terribly hot and a note of accusation began to creep into the eyes wide with wonderment.

I was the only Father Christmas to progress from base to falsetto in half an hour. "I've got to stop. My voice's giving out," I whispered to Mr Batt.

"See you on Monday," a small, grey boy called Anthony, was saying.

I had dealt with a request for a Jaguar and a "fresh Daddy for Mumma" and a "Mum" who winked at complicity and whispered "You're doing very well, dear."

Now the splendid Mr Batt was bringing up the reserves in the form of a proper Santa and between space-ship landings the switchover was effected.

"Not one of them spotted you, eh?" said Mr Batt, "but one or two of them said your beard was cotton wool."

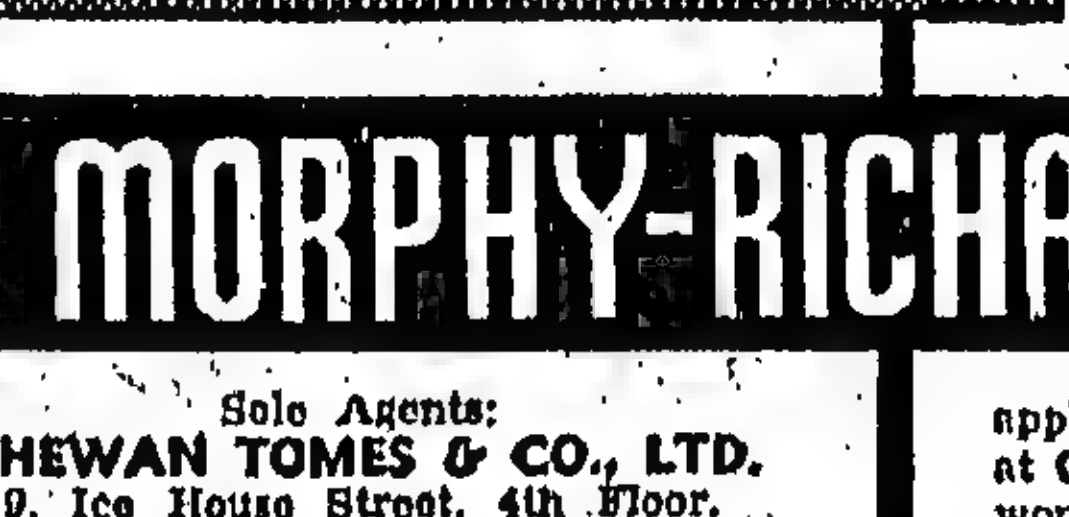
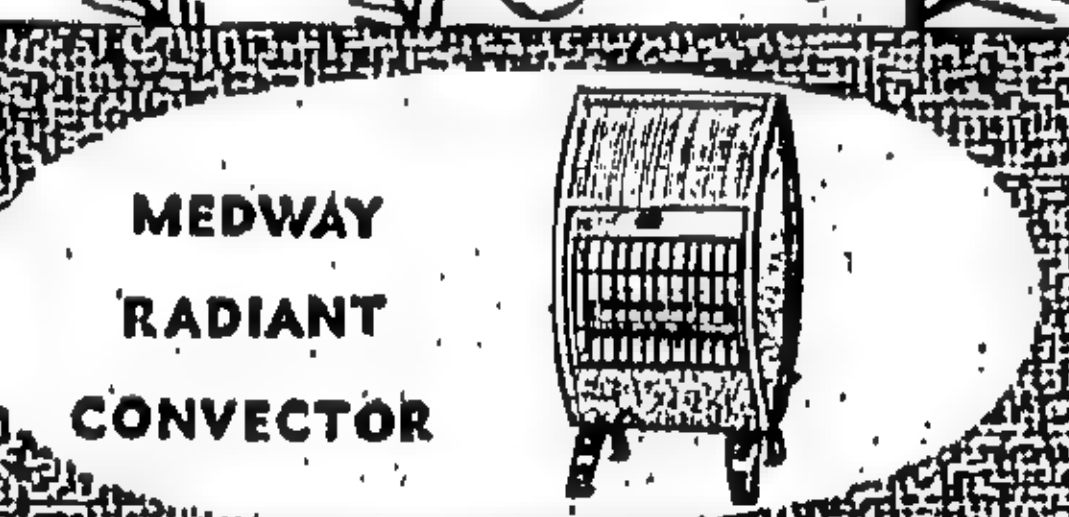
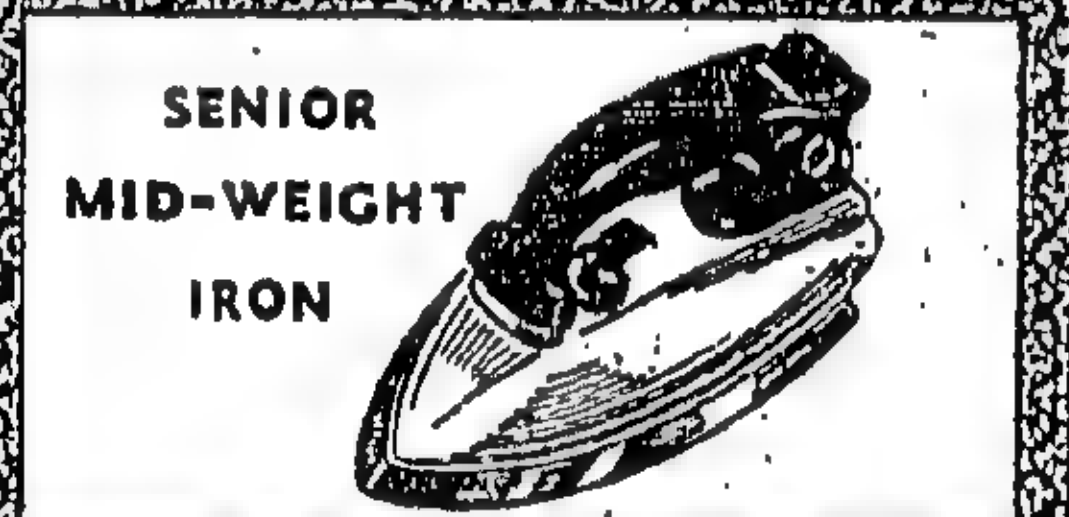
I had forgotten all about my beard protection drill! But then I suddenly saw why.

I had trusted them just as much as they had trusted me. —(London Express Service).

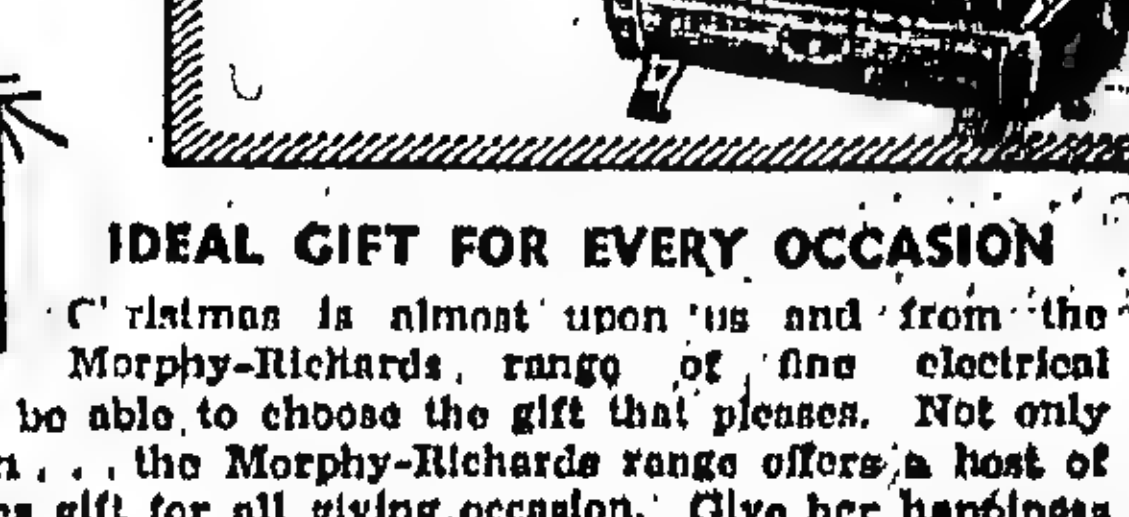
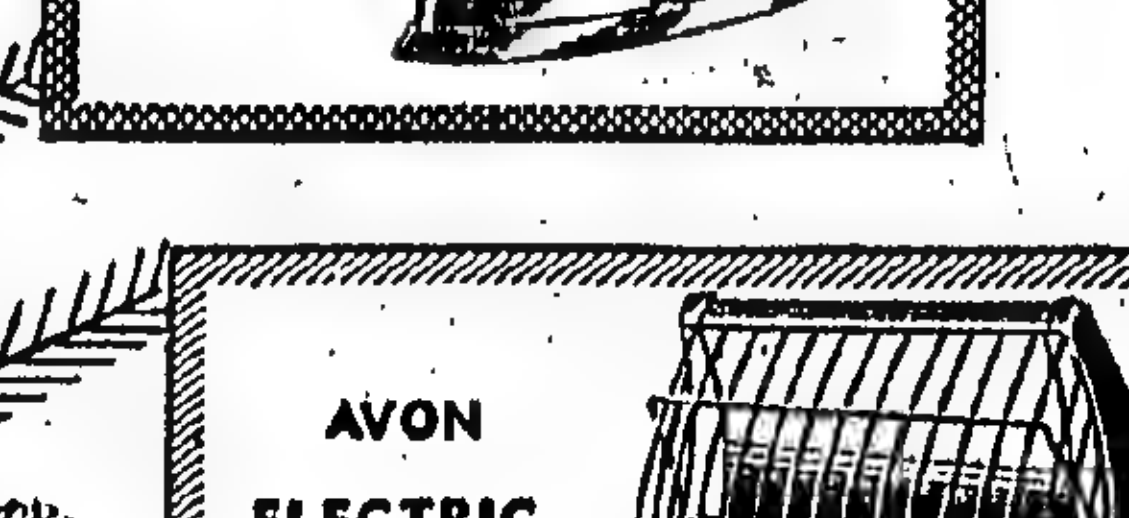
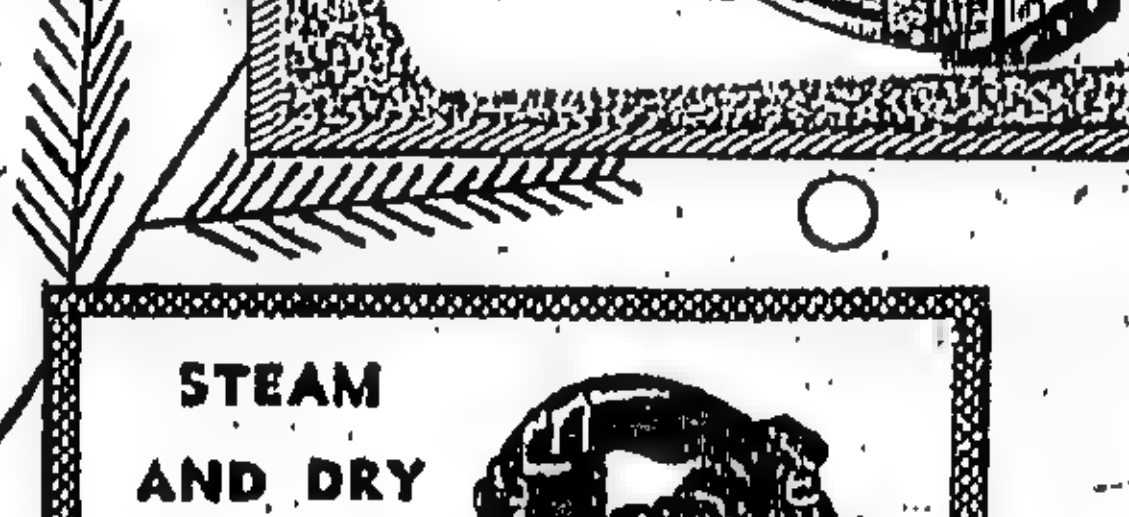
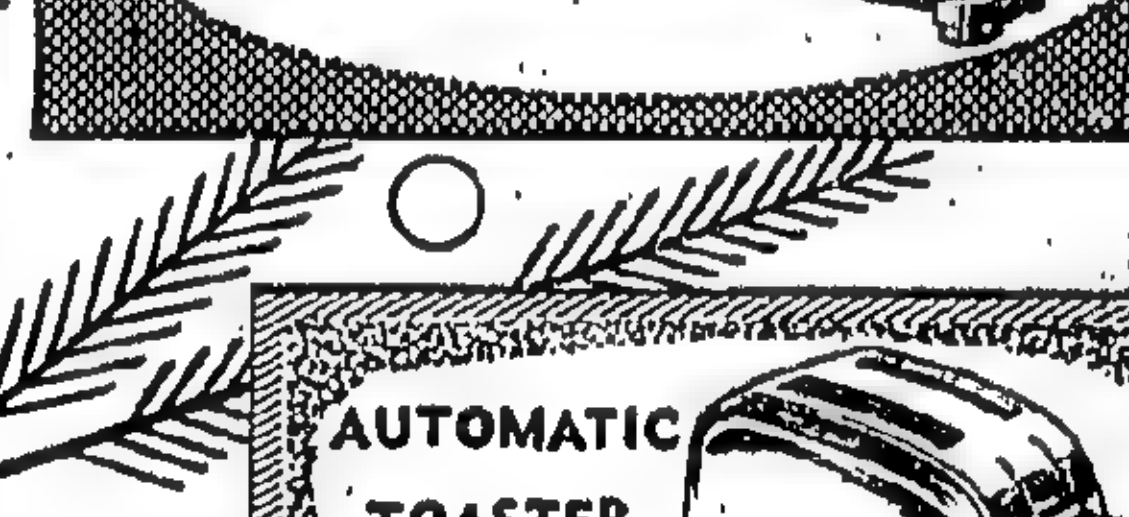


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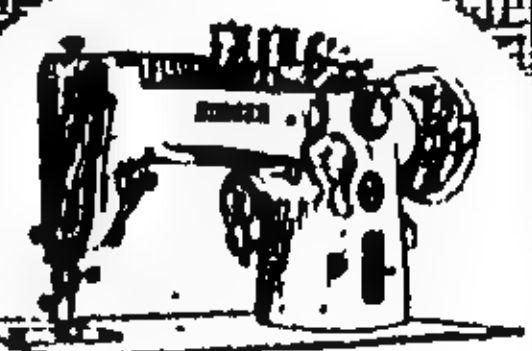
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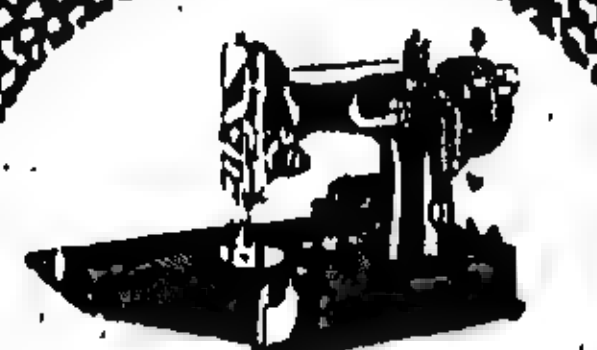
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Christmas Womansense

BUYING Christmas gifts is fun—but not always easy. Unless you work to some kind of plan, you are likely to get bewildered when you reach the shops, not to mention the possibility of overexpending your budget. My own rough list is divided into groups so that I'm not likely to go too far astray even if I change my mind occasionally. Some gifts can be placed in several categories, so I hope that among them, you will find some ideas to suit your needs.

Comfort

ELDERLY FOLK usually appreciate something with a note of comfort about it. A small 'stocking' gift (in both senses) is a pair of wool knee caps (flesh shade). More glamorous—and especially wanted by bridge and patience players—is a brushed wool shrug cape. Moving upwards, a Scottish firm produces authentic tartan wool rugs with a double purpose—they also can be worn as a wrap-around skirt. Small knee rugs always enjoy popularity, and a modern note in luxury is a pure wool electric blanket, single size.

Gaiety

TEEN-AGERS like gaiety and novelty—and get both in this year's pirate and scarf hats in jersey, knitted wool or brushed wool. The hat with scarf attached and gay tassel or pom-pom is a 'must' for the girl whose boy friend has a scooter. More feminine is a fine lacy wool evening stole with glitter thread.

For lounging, inexpensive socklets—again with gold or silver trim—make a good gift. Incidentally, they come in a cellophane barrel that would hang happily on the Christmas

tree. Fancy wool socklets and slippers run from those with wool pom-pom trimmings to real mink trims.

A larger gift from loving parents to the girl going to (or on her own) would be a ribbon bound, wool tartan rug, which also acts as a very contemporary looking divan cover.

Smart

MOTHERS (and daughters, too) often appreciate something smart to wear. Now that Shetland knitting is the rage, one Scottish house is promoting Shetland sweaters, lacy scarves, handwoven shawls, and tweed skirts all in colours that team together. Alternatively, for the handy woman, you can buy a length of Shetland tweed and matching wool, so that she can make a sweater and skirt to her own pattern choice.

Another gift with a good touch of glamour would be a pair of long white Empire gloves in the finest of wool—to give a 'lift' to any cocktail or evening dress. A stocking gift I like comes in the form of cut-out wool embroidered flowers. You can sew these singly on a plain dress or sweater, or round the neckline to form a necklace effect.

MENFOLK are supposed to be difficult to please. But I think most of them will like the novelties that are around this year. The 4-in-1 tie uses four different ties in one item, thus making it completely reversible. Solid colour ties, now fashionable, are made in a wool hopsack weave. Very attractive for presentation are boxed sets of matching ties and scarves for the sportsman a 60-inch muffler.

The rule of the day is 'warmth without weight'. Consequently, men are approving the long 'Henry Higgins' type of cardigan, in which they can relax at the end of the day, without having to wear a heavy jacket. These come in all kinds of wool at varying prices.

Elegant

A similar idea is the thigh-length dressing gown (or warm-up smoking jacket), which is very elegant indeed, in black with scarlet facings.

For boy friends of the 'Kenneth More' type, you might try a black and white tweed deerstalker hat, or a novelty wool check waistcoat. More sober types would appreciate the new jersey waistcoats in bright or subdued colours. These, by the way, are becoming real trend-setters.

For the little girl who likes to do things, buy a small loom and some wool, so that she can make scarves, belts, table mats and other useful items. This is a grand way of starting her on a useful craft and hobby.

For last minute gifts, why not gay decorations for Christmas Day? There's a lovely, gaily-coloured foil, and, if possible, a pair of pinking

scissors. You don't even need to be good at sewing, for no hemming is needed.

Gifts can include a bridge cloth (edged with wool fringe or appliqued with a card motif); scatter cushions of different colours; hostess aprons with the straps made from wool; scarves for the very young; stockings to put the small gifts in; and covers for everything from the snapshot album to the weekly magazine. And it is so easy to cut, cut and stick on personal initials, symbols or decorations.

Oven gloves with bold faces... felt table mats... a large circular cloth for Christmas Day... felt pictures stuck or sewn... These are quick to make and so attractive and colourful. Even the newest mobiles (decorations that move gently in the air) can be made of felt, with a few sequins or beads for glitter. And you won't need great skill to draw or trace Santa Claus, a cherub's head, or a nice large piece of holly.

Scraps

And with felt, don't waste a thing. Make the scraps up into assorted piles, add a scrap of ribbon, a bead or two, needle and thread, and let your Christmas guests have fun making something themselves—not forgetting a small prize for the bravest attempt.

Other gift suggestions include 'headache' bands in different coloured jersey; cosy hat-and-scarf in one, embroidered felt booties and knitted knee boots; a selection of wool and felt toys with gay embroidered faces, saucy knitted hats made and then hand embroidered again.

By Joy Matthews

Luisa Spagnoli

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YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13

BORN today, you have a serious, introspective mind which is combined with a demonstrative and affectionate nature. This makes you rather difficult to understand. The two halves of your personality are often fighting with each other, and you, less than anyone else perhaps, are not able to figure out in which direction to turn. Poetic and visionary, you also have a desire to be practical and even try to be aggressively active in getting what you want. You are something of a crusader at heart and want to project your own ideas forcefully.

Since you are a leader by nature, you should wed someone willing to follow you. If you marry someone who also has original ideas—and they do not conform with yours—then there can be real marital trouble ahead! The selection of the right marriage partner is of the greatest importance for you, since your affections need full expression if you are to be happy and contented in life.

Interested in the occult and the mysterious, you must guard against being influenced too much by these phenomena. Being superstitious is not worthy of one of your intellect!

Among those born in this date are: Heinrich Heine, poet; Bishop Phillips Brooks, orator, reformer and author of the song 'O Little Town of Bethlehem'; Edmund G. Zallinsky, soldier and gun inventor; Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of the President; Abbott Lawrence Lowell, educator and a president of Harvard.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Not too good a day for any of your efforts, so just relax tensions and rest.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be as original as you want to be today, but don't expect others to appreciate it!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—After your morning devotions, take time out to think over a good sermon you have heard.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be patient even with those who disagree with you! Use pressure another time.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Keep silent if your 'better half' puts up an argument. It's difficult to argue with oneself.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Not your day! Just let things take care of themselves; don't swim against the tide.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Get together with friends who may not have seen for some time. It will be pleasant.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—Avoid going out of your way to make social overtures to some-

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A short temper can cause long-time sorrow. Be patient with all the family.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Enjoy the pleasures of your own home today. Store up energies for the coming week.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14

BORN today, you are a strong-willed individual. You know what you want and go about getting it without 'fuss and feathers.' In fact, you recognise at an early age that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—and that's the road you intend to travel toward success. You are not, however, one of those blustering, shouting individuals, for you know that the velvet glove covering an iron fist is usually the most successful technique.

You have great charm and use it to get exactly what you want. You speak well in public and know how to present your ideas persuasively and intelligently. You have a sharp head for business and always read the fine print in any contract. If all this appears to make you a cold, foreboding person, this is the wrong impression. You have a deep interest in the welfare of others, and your ability to work co-operatively with anyone is so well-developed that people often do what you want, despite their own personal convictions. Since you are usually so right in your convictions, everyone is happy!

Your loyalties are strong, and the one you wed will know of your deep love and affection through your deeds of love and kindness rather than by what you say. You firmly believe that in the long run actions speak more loudly than words! Among those born on this date are: General James Harold Doolittle, U.S. air commander in World War II; Jane Cowl, actress; Bishop Phillips Brooks, reformer and a founder of Kenyon College; Noah Porter, early president of Yale; Justus Moser, German historian and critic.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Now you can make that radical change you have been planning. Green lights!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be constructive in your suggestions at the office and you will profit thereby.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you are defending a new idea, this is a fine evening to lecture forcefully about it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Inaugurate a new plan, no matter how unconventional, and it will be accepted.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Sign that lease today. A fine time to settle all business details.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—An early start this morning on an important job means you can finish it by nightfall.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—All should be calm on the domestic scene. Begin the new week with energy.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—All work dealing with electrical appliances, especially communications, is favoured.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Attend a lecture this evening. You might meet friends you have not been seeing recently.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Originality in your approach to an old problem may prove to be an immediate solution.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A fine time to handle personal affairs which are also involved with your business life.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—An early start today means that much may be accomplished. Utilise your full energies.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When buying a new carpet on rug, use your hands to judge the quality of your choice. Dig your fingers in the pile of the surface. Is it thick? Is it reasonably springy when pressure is released?

If you are taking on a trip, tuck, tuck, tuck into the pockets of your suitcase. Cases that have been closed for a long time often have a 'close' odour that the sweet fragrance of sachet will eliminate.

Try adding a spoonful of solid oil to a paste made of soap and water for rough hands. Apply this to the hands and scrub briskly with a nail brush. Do it often and your hands will be smoother.

Denatured alcohol will remove a ball point ink stain from a man's white shirt. It coloured shirt become stained, dilute the alcohol and test it on a seam first. Dilute the alcohol way down for acetate shirts.

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The China Mail



ABOVE: Dame Leslie Wheatley, visiting Director of the World Bureau of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, meets Hongkong Guiders at a social function held at the Jockey Club Hut on Saturday.

★

RIGHT: Her Royal Highness the Maharani of Patiala chats with Mrs O. R. Sadick during a dinner party given in her honour by Mr H. N. Harilola this week.



ABOVE: A dainty little ballerina takes a solo during a number at the evening of ballet dancing by pupils of Rita Chen at Queen Elizabeth School last Saturday. The highly successful event was attended by over 300 people.



BELOW: An Australian wine and cheese tasting session on board the m.v. Delos on Tuesday was attended by more than 50 local wine and cheese importers and restaurant owners. Mr K. L. Ballantyne, one of the Australian Trade Mission, is seen (left) offering a piece of cheese to a guest.

★

ABOVE: Mr A. de O. Sales chats with Mrs M. W. Turner (right) and Mrs R. J. Parsons during the Hongkong Rotary Club "Ladies' Day" held on Tuesday at the Paramount Restaurant.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Little Rhonda, daughter of Mr and Mrs D.C. Hughes, shows off her first birthday cake to her parents and amah during a party on December 4.



ABOVE: Lady Black (second from left) admires one of the stalls at the Christmas Fair organised last Saturday by the Marianna Reichl Aid to Lepers Group held at the Defence Force Headquarters.

★

LEFT: Mrs F. de M. Ribeiro, wife of the Portuguese Acting Consul, shakes hands with Mr David Tsui, Hongkong's team captain after the Colony troupe's 4-1 in the annual tennis interport.

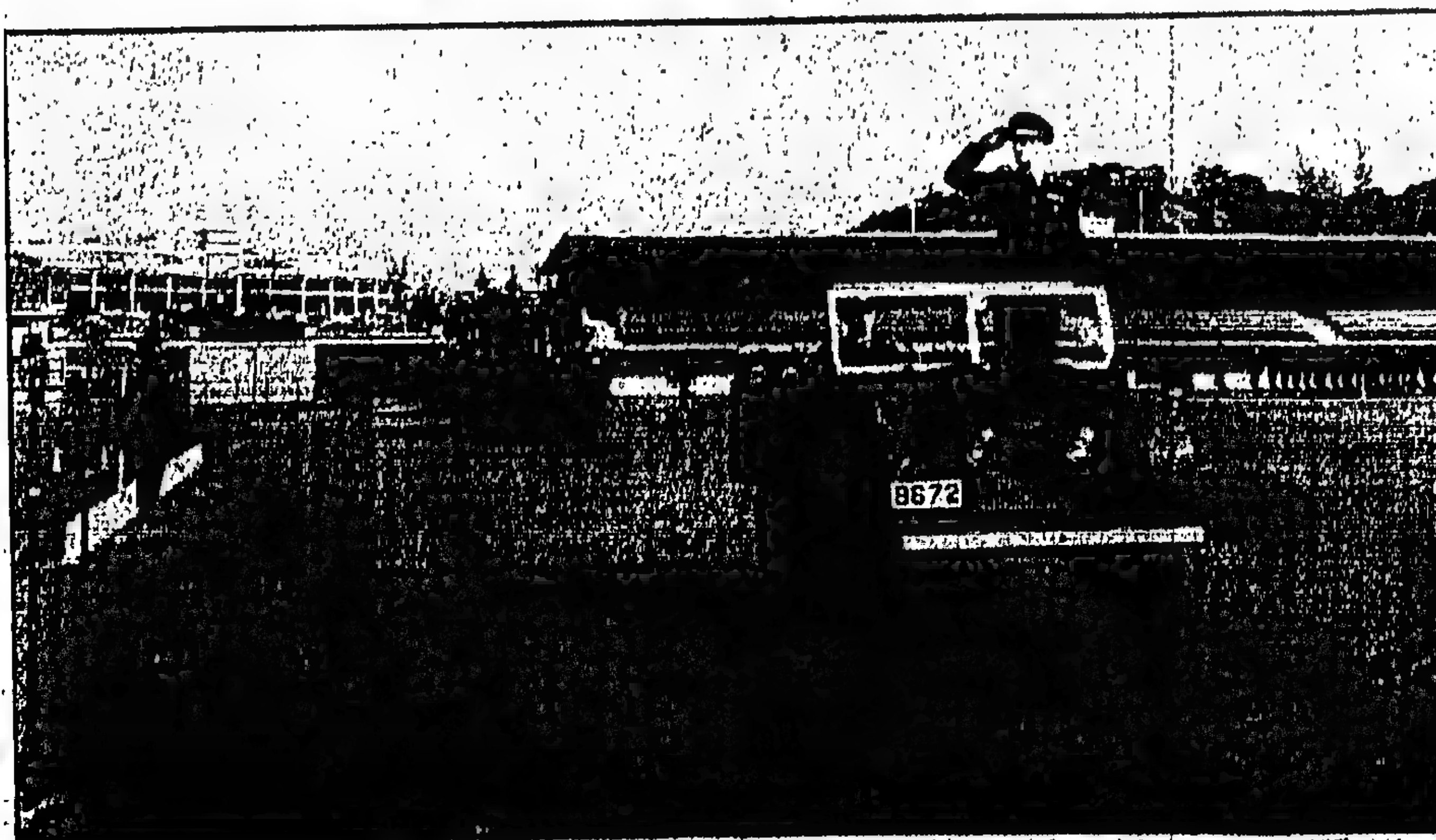
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BELOW: Mr Percy Chen (center), Mr Lam Chi-yin (second from left) and Mr Chan Kwan-po (second from right) drink a toast with friends during the opening of the Chinese Club's new clinic for Chinese herbal medicine in Kowloon on Sunday.



BELOW: A snap of the dress rehearsal for last Sunday's annual Police Review at the Government Stadium. Approximately 1,000 policemen and policewomen took part in the grand parade, the twelfth in the Force's history.


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Christmas Pictorial



ABOVE: Children of various resettlement areas entertained members of the American Women's Association at the American Club on Monday. This group sang songs accompanied by their own percussion instruments.

★

RIGHT: Mr. Oswald Cheung, President of the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association, accepts a cigarette from Mr. L. B. Stone at a recent cocktail party given by the President and Committee of the D.S.O.B.A. for members of the Association and members of the School Committee.



ABOVE: Msgr. John Romaniello, director of the Roman Catholic Relief Service, inspects a noodle machine during the distribution of free noodles to needy families at the Tung Wah Hospital last Friday. The noodles are made from flour and dried milk donated by the people of America.



ABOVE: Lt.-Col. F. E. Jewkes, the officer commanding, Salvation Army, greets Lady Black when she arrived to open the Salvation Army's new nursery and clinic at Tai Wah Hau resettlement district.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Visiting delegates who recently attended the International Conference of Social Work in Tokyo, were entertained to lunch at the Paramount Restaurant. Left to right are Miss D. Lee, Mr. D. S. Howard and Miss Bertha Howard.



ABOVE: Dr. the Hon. D.J.M. Mackenzie, Director of Medical and Health services, looks over the occupational therapy handwork of patients at an exhibition held at the Mental Hospital last Friday.

★

LEFT: The annual dinner of the Hongkong Life Guard Club was held at the Ying King Restaurant this week. Mr. Fung Ping-fan (left), President, here presents a trophy to a member of the Club.

★

BELOW: Sir Robert Black recently visited the fish and vegetable markets in Hongkong and Kowloon. He is seen here on arrival at one of the stops on his tour. Mr. Jack Cator (left) accompanied him.



★ ★ ★

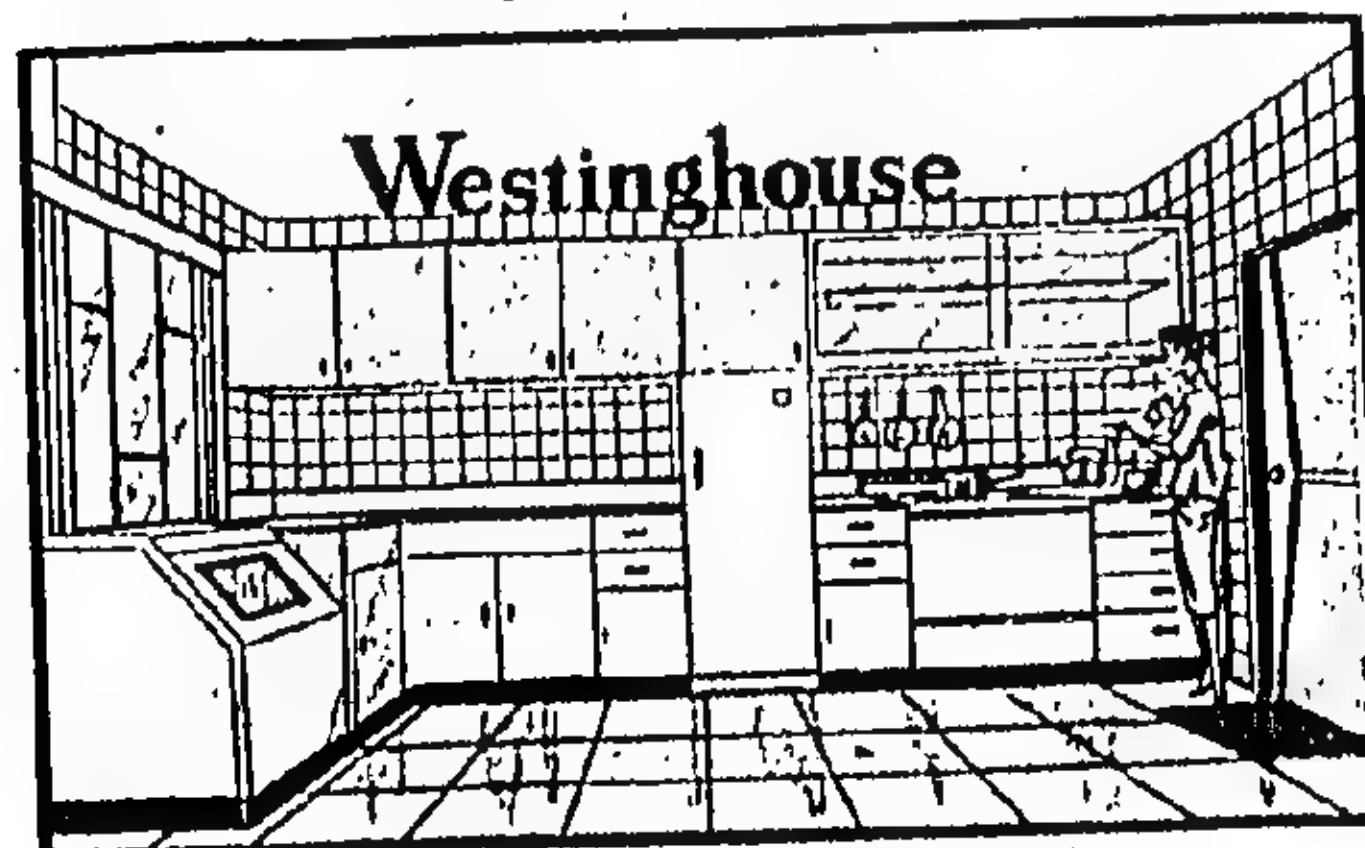
BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Manuel A. Remedios, with attendants, friends and relatives, pose for the China Mail photographer shortly after their wedding at St Teresa's Church on Monday. The bride is the former Miss Olivia Ribeiro.



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ABOVE: Mr. J. Whiteley, a teacher (control), chats with students and visitors during the King's College Open Day held this week. A comprehensive exhibition of students' work was held for three days.

★ ★ ★

Here's where to

DINE WINE DANCE

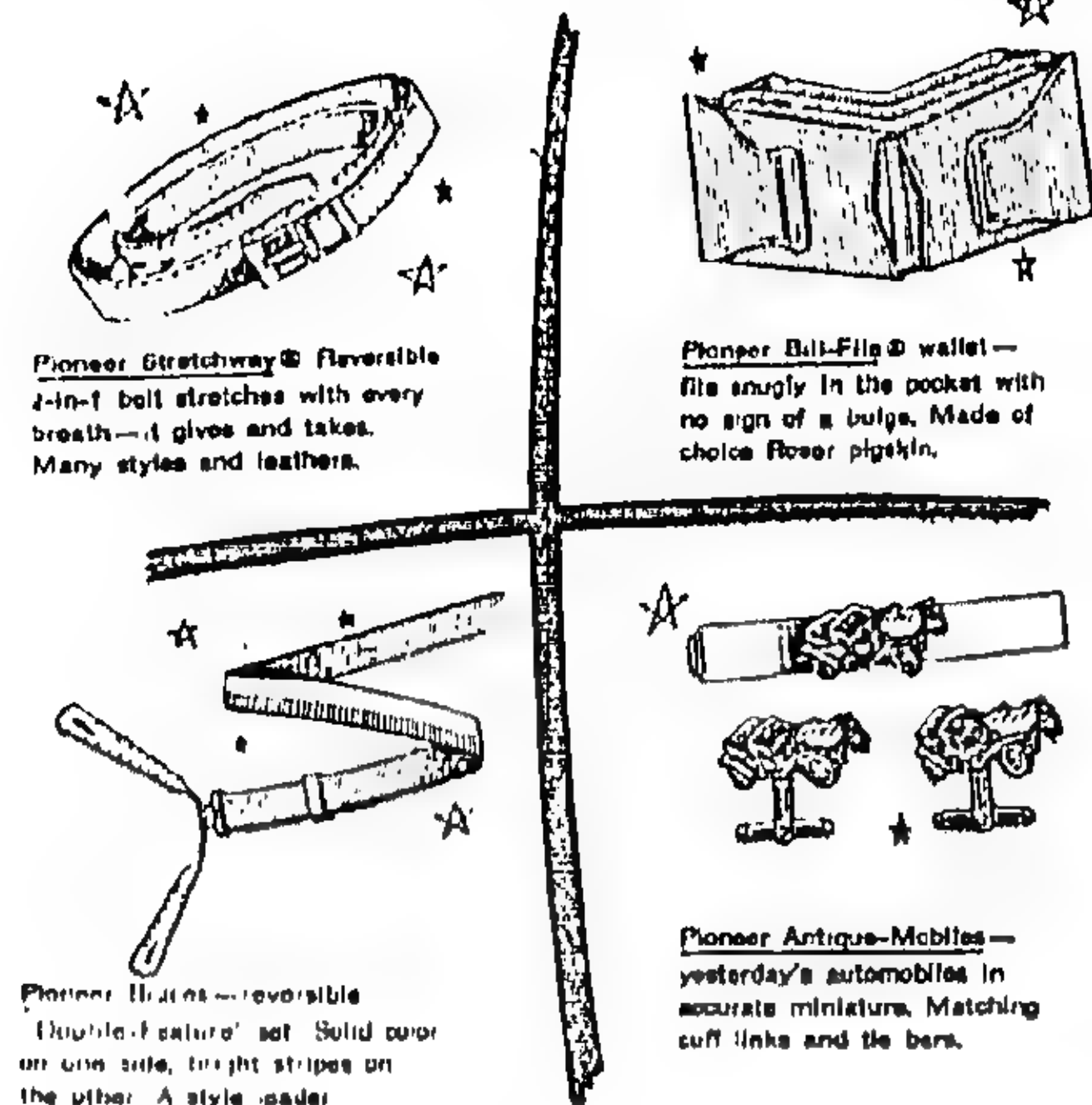
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CHRISTMAS AT HOME

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by Constance Spry

**RISOTTO
OR
POTAGE PUREE BONNE FEMME
COLD SPICED BEEF, RED CABBAGE
PICKLE
OR
TERRINE AND SALAD
POMMES DE TERRE EN ROBE DE
CHAMBRE SOUFFLES
MINCE PIES WITH WINKFIELD
MINCEMEAT
OR
STICKY GINGER CAKE WITH CHEESE**

I HAVE chosen this Christmas luncheon on the assumption that the family is together and the mistress of the house, while wanting to provide a good meal, will not have a lot of time on the day to do the cooking.

Risotto is popular and economical and needs little preparation. If you prefer soup, Potage Puree Bonne Femme is delicious and can be made beforehand up to the point of adding the liaison.

I chose Cold Spiced Beef because, to my way of thinking, this is a classic Christmas dish. It, too, can be made well ahead of time. The terrine which is offered as an alternative, is more economical, though very good.

The Mincepies could be made the day before. And as many people like Sticky Ginger Cake as an accompaniment to Cheese, I have included it as an alternative.

RISOTTO

Risotto is an important dish. Properly made, it is delicious. It may be used as the main dish of a simple meal or, enriched with additional ingredients, it is suitable for a more important one.

Ingredients

6 oz. rice
1½ oz. butter and 1 oz. to finish
2 oz. onion, chopped
1 clove garlic crushed (optional)
1 pint stock
A pinch of nutmeg
Bouquet garni
Seasoning
1½ oz. grated cheese

When boiling point is reached, cover the pan tightly, weighting the lid if necessary, and continue cooking by gentle simmering. The risotto should be ready in 25-30 minutes, the rice tender, and all the liquid absorbed. Since some kinds of rice take less time than others, it is as well to look at it after 20 minutes' cooking. When ready, remove the bouquet, add the cheese and butter broken into small pieces, mix in lightly and carefully with a fork.

Tomato purée and garlic are both good additions to the above ingredients, the garlic being put in with the onion and cooked in the hot fat, the tomato purée being added with the stock.

POTAGE PUREE BONNE FEMME

This is a smooth cream soup, the main ingredients being leek and potato, but it is made with milk and a liaison of yolks of egg and cream is added.

Ingredients

4 potatoes
2 onions
1½ oz. butter

Salt and pepper
¾ pint of milk
¾ pint of water
For the liaison
2 yolks of egg
1 gill single cream or top of milk
Croustons of fried bread.

Shred the cabbage finely, sprinkle with salt and leave for 24 hours. Pack in jars and fill up with cold spiced vinegar.

TERRINE

Preparations for this dish must begin 2 days in advance.

Ingredients

6-8 rashers of streaky bacon
¾ lb liver
1 small onion
1 clove of garlic
¾ lb sausage meat
Seasoning
2 hard-boiled eggs
1 teaspoon chopped herbs
½ lb lean veal, pork or game.
1 bay-leaf
Flour and water paste
Jellied stock (approx ½-¾ pint)

Take a small earthenware terrine. Line across the bottom and sides with bacon. Mince the liver with the onion and garlic and add to the sausage-meat. Season well, add the chopped eggs and herbs, and put a layer of this farce on the bottom of the terrine.

Cut the meat into fine strips; arrange these in layers with the rest of the farce until the terrine is full. The top layer must be of fat and the bay-leaf put on top of this.

Put the lid on and seal round the edge with a paste of flour and water. Stand in a roasting-tin full of water and cook in a moderate oven for 1½ hours.

Take out, remove the lid, and put a weight on the top (not more than 3 lb). Leave until the next day, then fill up the sides of the terrine with good jellied stock.

Leave until quite set and then turn out.

POMMES DE TERRE EN ROBE DE CHAMBRE

SOUFFLES

Ingredients

8 large potatoes
2 eggs
1½ oz. butter
3 dessertspoons cream or top of milk
Salt and pepper
A pinch of nutmeg
Bake the potatoes. When ready cut a thin slice off one side and take out the contents, taking care to keep the skins whole. Have a hot bowl ready, and put the potatoes into this. Work the potatoes well with a wooden spoon, adding the butter a little at a time, then the slightly beaten yolks to which the cream has been added. Season well, and finally fold in the beaten whites of egg. Re-fill the skins with this mixture, so that some of it appears above the top of the skin.

Do not overfill the potatoes as they rise in cooking. Replace them in a hot oven for 10-15 minutes. The mixture inside will rise like a soufflé and the potatoes should be served immediately or they will go down.

Smart Table Settings Mix China And Glass

By ELEANOR ROSS

OLD rules for setting tables have gone by the board. Some of the most experienced hostesses we know are mixing their china rather than matching it.

White china is teamed with amber and olive green glassware. Sealed plates are made of colourful pottery. Dessert cups and plates may be lemon yellow, in still another type of china. At one delightful luncheon party, not only was china mixed, but also, there was an international flavour about the settings. England, France, Portugal and Italy were represented by the table appointments. The total effect was pleasing and harmonious.

TRY MIXING

Instead of matching, try mixing next time you set a festive table. The greater the variety of china and glassware used, the more imaginative and decorative the table will appear. You must, of course, use good judgment. You can't combine haphazardly but must work around a theme.

Earthenware and glassware, for example, don't go with fine china and crystal, the kind used for formal dinners.

The modern theory of gracious homemaking is to use pretty table appointments at every meal—and why not? Why save them for special occasions? Nothing thrives on a daily sucking like fine china, glassware and silver. But, of course, like everything else there's a proper way to wash dishes, a proper order of handling the pieces.

Wash Glasses First

All glasses go into rich, hot suds first. Silverware comes next, followed by plates, bowls, cups and saucers. Then, finally, do the pots and pans.

Follow this system and washing dishes will be easier and fragile pieces less likely to be broken.

Just remember these two basic rules for keeping dishes and utensils clean and sanitary enough to hold food safely:

1. Change to fresh, clean suds often.
2. Rinse twice with scalding hot water.

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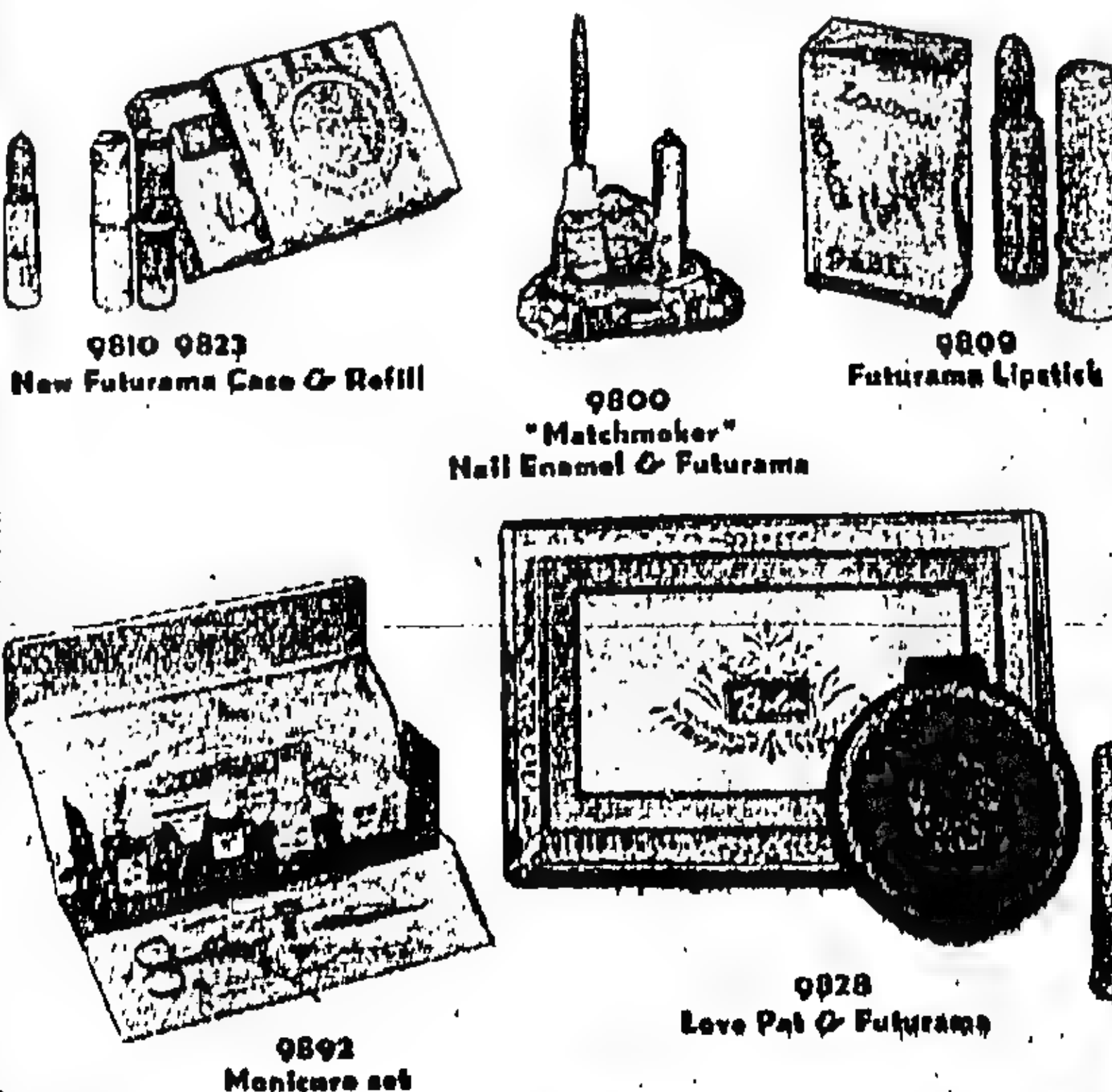


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Odd Things Happen At Christmas

THE oddest things happen at Christmas. Like the case of a beaming Santa, in red cloak and white beard, who was stopped at Geneva Airport on Christmas Eve last year for wearing a "foreign uniform."

Police said it was likely to endanger Swiss neutrality, and sent him home to Holland on the next plane.

Another Santa landed feet-first in trouble at a Boston store. He accidentally trod on a little boy's foot. And the parents sued him for \$6,000 damages.

It was an uncomfortable but lucky Christmas for 45-year-old Lee Pak Noe, of Kedah, in North Malaya. A crocodile attacked him while he was fishing in a river on Christmas Day, and bit off his wooden leg. Lee hopped to safety.

Twenty-three-year-old Mrs. Luisa Tuffano, of Naples, was enjoying a Christmas Day drive with her husband. Only half an hour out, and on a busy highway, she asked him to stop.

Traffic piled up behind them. Impatient drivers hooted. A few minutes later, a harassed Mr. Tuffano told them: "All right. Drive on. My wife has just had twins."

An unfortunate woman in Britain spent one Christmas Day in a railway siding. She set off on a train trip to spend Christmas in Liverpool with relatives.

But, changing trains in a hurry, she got into a "Ladies Only" compartment. Somebody locked it — and before she realised that she was on the wrong train, it had been shunted into a siding. She shouted and banged on the windows, but her cries were not heard until the morning of Boxing Day.

It was an embarrassing Christmas for a big department store in Lansing, Michigan. Worried that so many goods were being stolen during the Christmas Eve shopping rush they took on an extra store detective. The new man soon nabbed the thief in action. It was the resident detective.

Christmas, 1955, wasn't so enjoyable for a hard-up Philadelphia lawyer, either. On Christmas Day, ten years before, he gave his wife a cheque post-dated December 25, 1955, for 75,000 dollars (\$25,000) as a joke. But the lawyer's fortune grew, and in 1955 his now

By **CYRIL N. SMITH**

extraneous wife cashed the staged a strike which started last Christmas Eve and lasted until Boxing Day morning.

When he finally ended his 36-hour record-playing marathon, Jean Perrin went thankfully home. He does not care much for music. He is stone deaf.

There was an anxious search for a large, sawdust-stuffed Santa which disappeared from a Greenville (South Carolina) carpet factory's window. In its place was a note which read: "I have your kidnapped Santa. Don't try any funny stuff or I'll turn him into sawdust and spread him all over Greenville. You'll get him back for 10,000 dollars."

The ransom was not paid, and Santa was found on Christmas Eve hidden under a hedge on the outskirts of the town.

Rotterpelse, knocklost and ystest-Scandinavian meat and cheeses—are the Olsens' regular Christmas fare. But in a hot car, their smell becomes overpowering. Not drunk, ruled the judge.

In the dawn silence of Christmas Day, 1951, two young Scottish Nationalists emerged stealthily from the precincts of Westminster Abbey.

Between them, they carried a heavy and sacred object—the Stone of Destiny, symbol of Scottish "freedom," which had lain peacefully beneath the old Coronation Chair for 650 years.

The abduction of the Stone became world news a few hours later.

The Stone was not found until the following April. It is now back in the Abbey. It was a frustratingly busy Christmas for £7-a-week radio

station odd-job man Jean Perrin. He suddenly found himself the star and producer of the entire Christmas programme of the French radio and television systems. His audience: an estimated 15 million.

It was the only programme broadcast that day, for the radio and television technicians had

while a ticking parcel was investigated. It proved to be a battery-operated Santa buzzing busily away.

Christmas in the little mountain resort of Ellenville, in the Catskill Mountains (U.S.), was a chaotic affair two years ago. A shortage of 1,300,000 dollars in its funds forced the town's biggest bank to shut a few days before Christmas.

The bank manager spent Christmas in goal while his depositors chased around for Christmas spending money.

Christmas Eve brought a pleasant surprise for Mrs. Sally Schwartz, of Sherman Oaks, California. Inside a little brown-paper package posted to her on Christmas Eve two years ago were the \$700 dollars' worth of jewellery stolen from her house while she was attending the funeral of her husband, songwriter Jean Schwartz, whose hits included "Chinatown."

And an even more unexpected Christmas gift came to a woman rubber tapper in Malaya, who won £5,000 in a Christmas lottery, promptly bought the estate where she worked and took on her boss as manager.

One man who wasn't inspired with feelings of generosity and goodwill at Christmas was the Milan hotel proprietor who

locked a weeping bride in her bedroom on Christmas Eve. Yvonne Buzzachi's new husband had found he was £5 short of the account.

"No money—no wife," said the flint-hearted hotel-keeper. "I shall keep her locked up here until you pay."

Furious, the young bridegroom returned to his native village, Badia, Polceina, in Northern Italy, and borrowed the money from his family. Then he returned to the hotel—with the police. They arrested the proprietor for illegally detaining the bride.

But Christmas has its tragic moments, too.

Stanley Powe, playing the Dame in "Babes in the Wood" at Woodford, England, last Boxing Day, collapsed on the stage in front of the first-night audience.

He died a few minutes later in the wings—while the audience, unaware of the backstage drama, went on watching the pantomime.

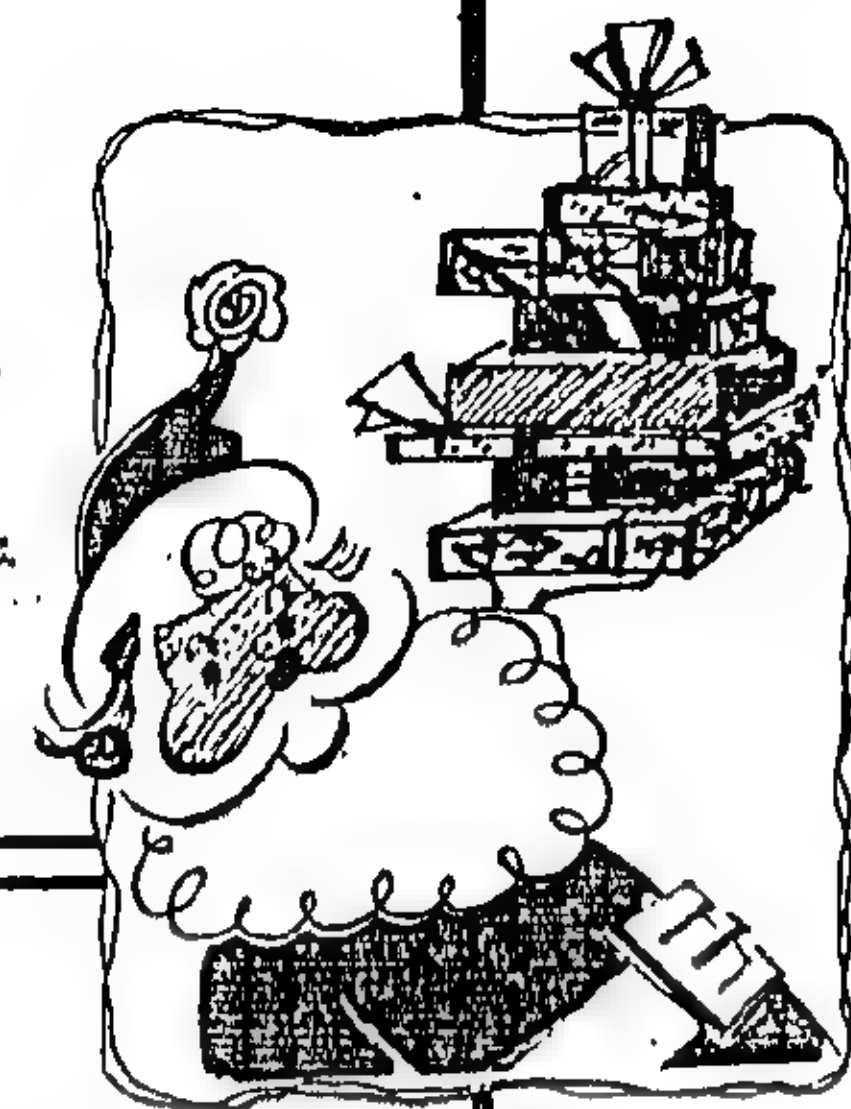
On Christmas Day, 1950, four youths were frozen to death on Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain. In their rucksacks, searchers found food and drink—for Christmas dinner.

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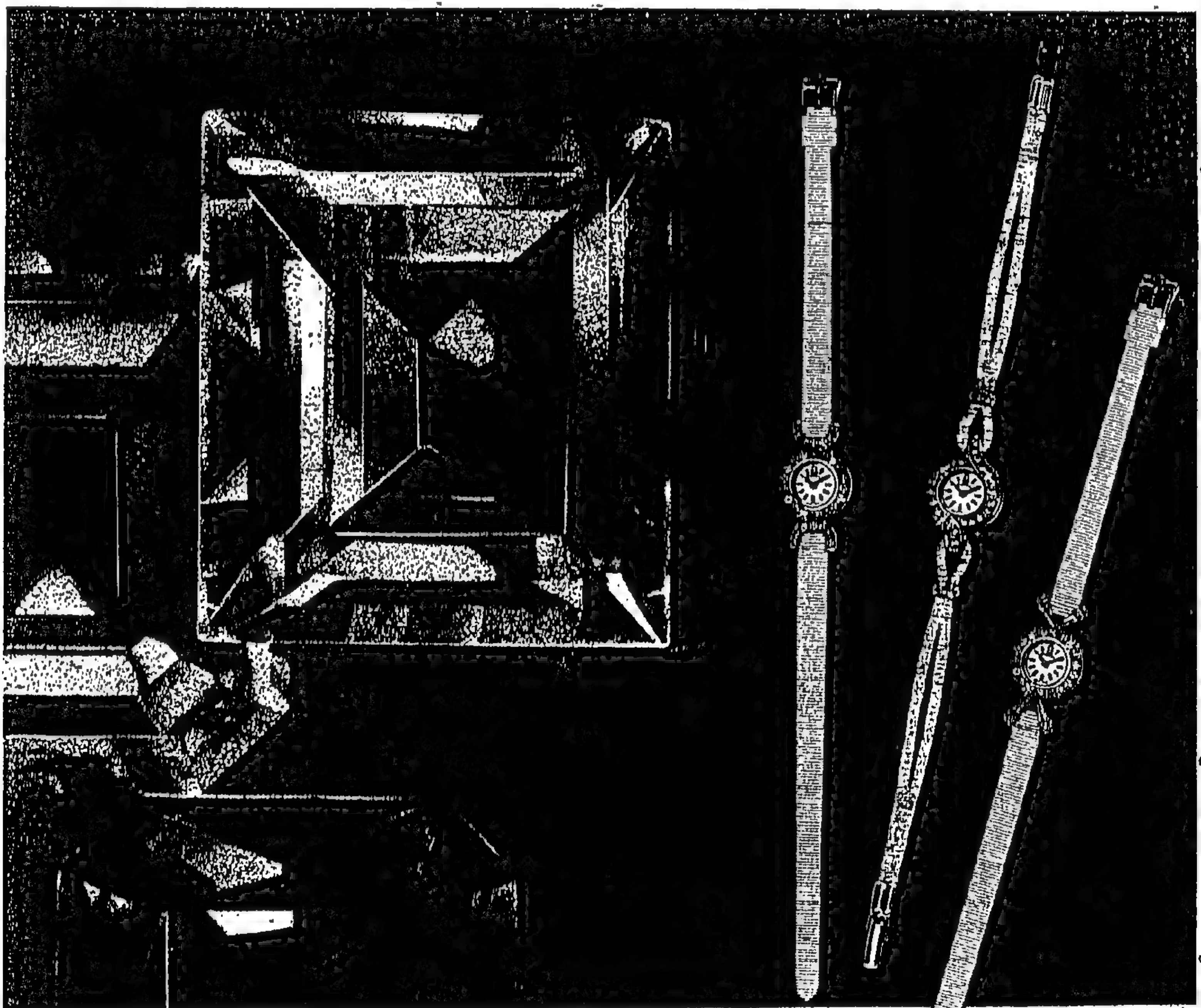
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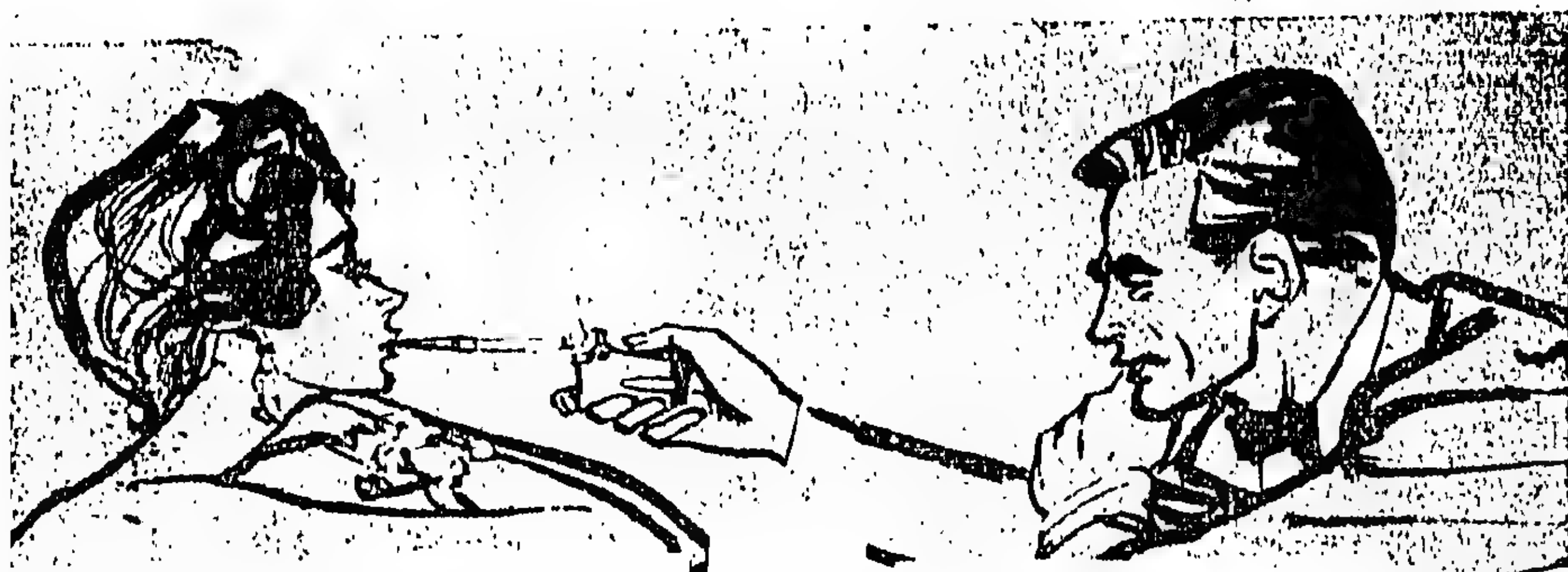
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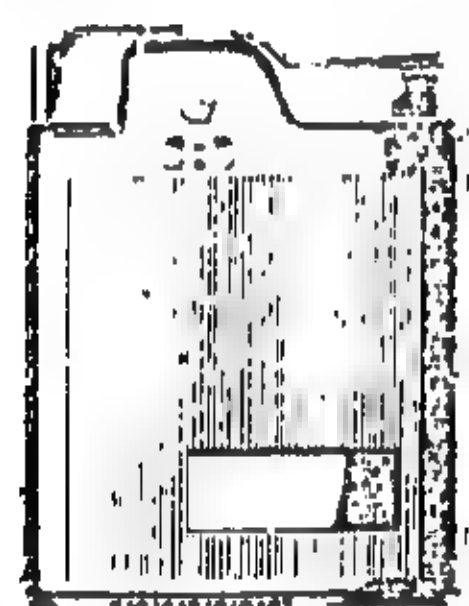
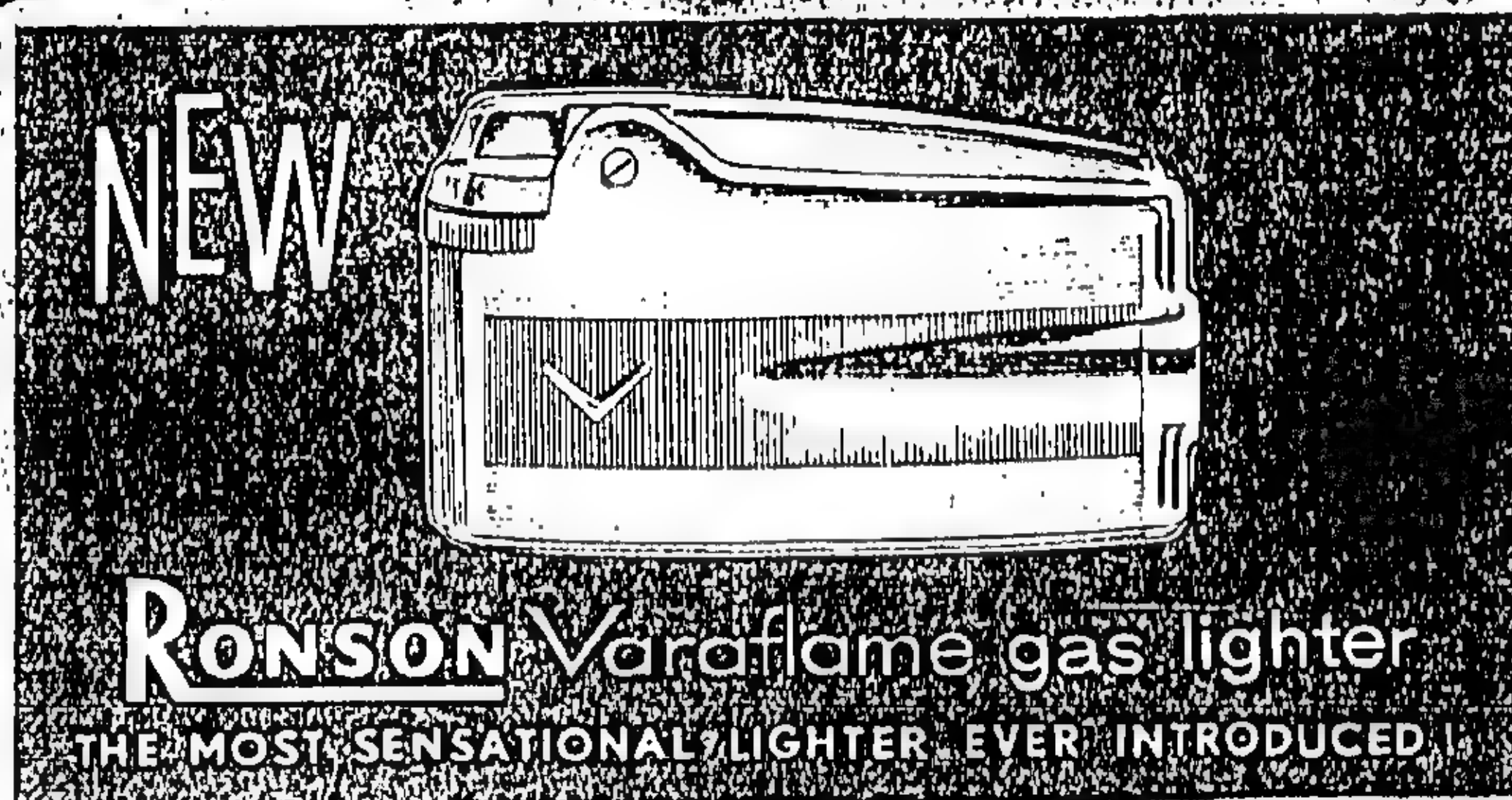
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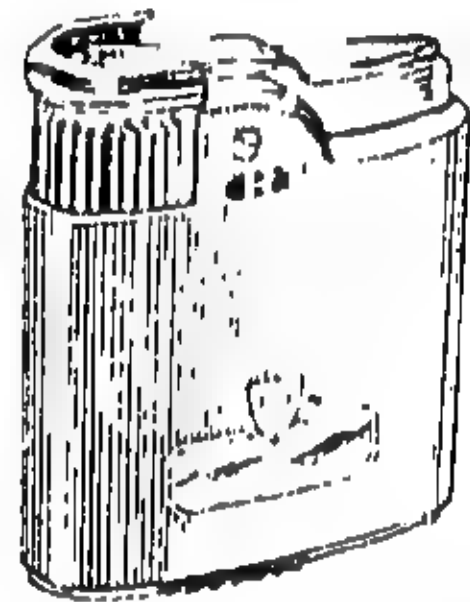
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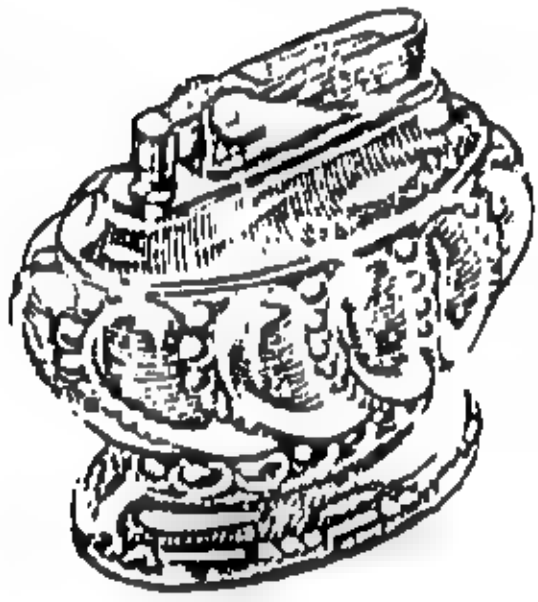
RONSON for Christmas



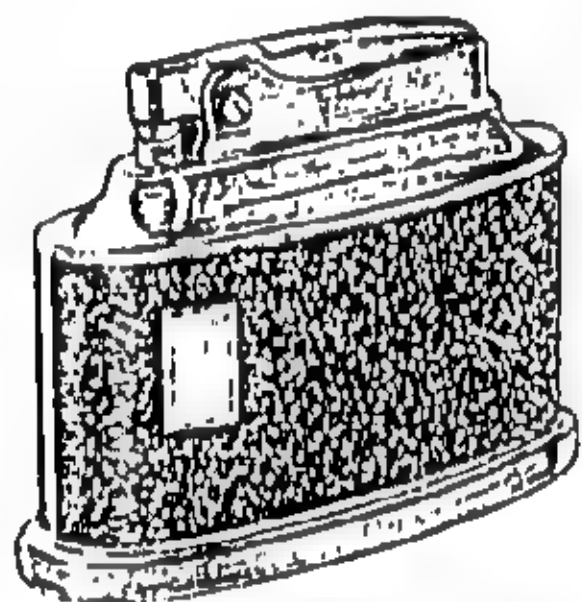
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Engine turned chrome in vertical pattern. With its wide choice of beautiful finishes there's an Essex for every taste.



Whirlwind Imperial. Satin chromium. Designed for the outdoor man, the Whirlwind Imperial will light on the windiest day.



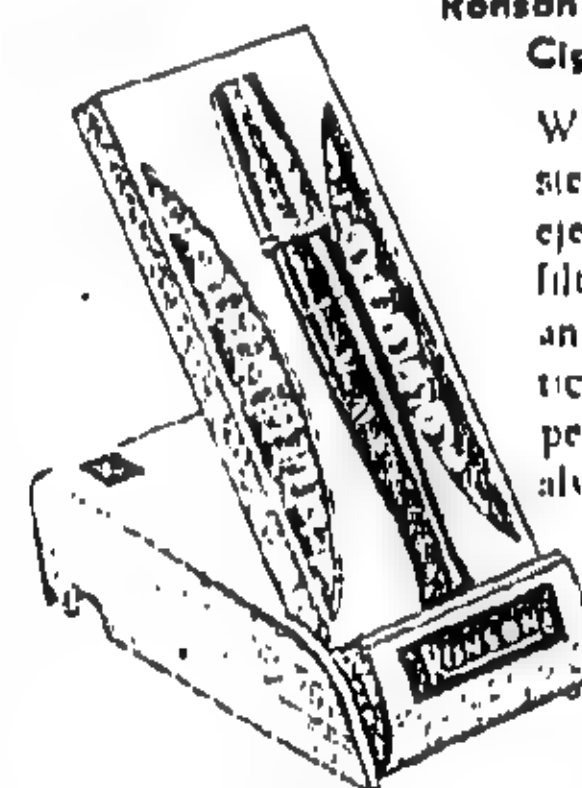
Ronson Crown.
This richly silver finished table lighter is a wonderfully apt present for those who love fine things.



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Table lighter, gold plated base and action, covered black morocco.



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Did The Christmas Star Return?

IT was a clear bright day in Calabria and Tuscany. It was the Christmas season of the year 1220. Peace was on the world and peasants and prelates, alike, were preparing to celebrate and worship.

And then, at noon, three bright stars, so close together that they were almost one star, appeared in the sky.

People stopped and gaped. Sometimes in the early dawn or toward evening stars do appear in daylight. But not often at noon.

Besides, this cluster of three stars was quite unlike any constellation that anyone had seen before. They were enormously bright and they stayed fixed as 'he afternoon wore on.

That day three men who were destined to be leaders and holy men of the Church were born: Thomas Aquinas, Ambrose of Sienna and James of Mevania. The first two were later canonised and the third was beatified.

The Christmas star had returned to mark a great turning point in the history of Christianity.

Or so tradition has it. The tradition is recorded in a life of the saints written in 1880 by Monsigneur Guerin, Chamberlain to Pope Leo XIII. It is fair to say that historians are sceptical of the tradition.

Thomas Aquinas welded Christian theology and Greek philosophy together in a unity which made possible, for the first time, a unified view of the world.

He also proclaimed the faith in reason which has been motive power behind the intel-

lectual progress of Western man ever since.

Ambrose of Sienna was one of the great peacemakers of all time.

He travelled up and down Europe. He quelled major disputes between Venice and Genoa and between Florence and Pisa.

He arranged a settlement between the Emperor Conrad and the Pope.

He reorganised government in Bohemia.

And he settled more than a score of other disputes before they got to the level of hostility.

More than once he endeavoured to retire to a monastery to devote his life to contemplation.

But, each time, some new dispute forced him to resume the active life.

He was chosen Bishop of Sienna but he refused the office on the grounds, which startled all of Europe that he was not worthy of it.

James of Mevania, on the other hand, never appeared on the large stage of history. He founded a monastic order in his home town and

was renowned for his extreme poverty and holiness.

The three of them, taken together, come as close, perhaps, to forming the composite personality of Christ as any three men in history.

Aquinas with his enormous insight and his almost incredible

power to synthesise knowledge into an intelligible whole, represents the search for truth.

Ambrose strove to realise the Biblical promise of "peace on earth goodwill toward men."

And James whose life was devoted to the poor and the down-trodden and to simple contemplation, fills the vital third role in the Christian mission.

Perhaps, if the Christmas Star did not appear in 1220, it should have...



HOW IT ALL BEGAN

THE first certain reference to December 25 as Christmas Day is dated A.D. 334.

Some early patriarchs, including Origen and Clement of Alexandria, thought it sinful to celebrate Christmas.

December 25 was the birthday of the unconquered sun in the religion of Mithras, which flourished in the Roman Empire.

The Venerable Bede of Jarrow (A.D. 673-735) wrote:

"The ancient peoples of the Angli began the year on December 25... and the very night that is now so holy they called in their language modranacht, that is mother's night."

In 1844 Oliver Cromwell's Government forbade by Act of Parliament any merriment or religious ceremonies on Christmas Day. Charles II repealed the Act.

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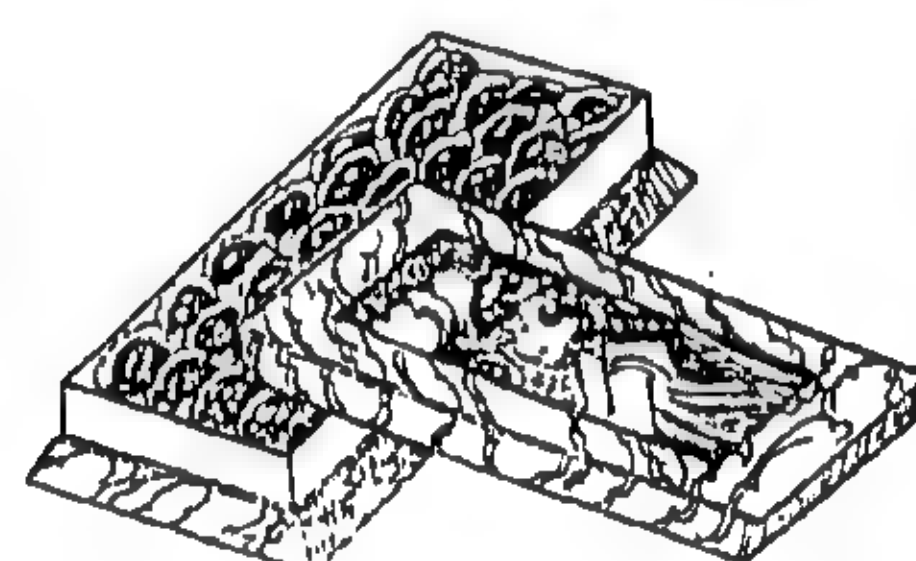


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CHRISTMAS GIFTS



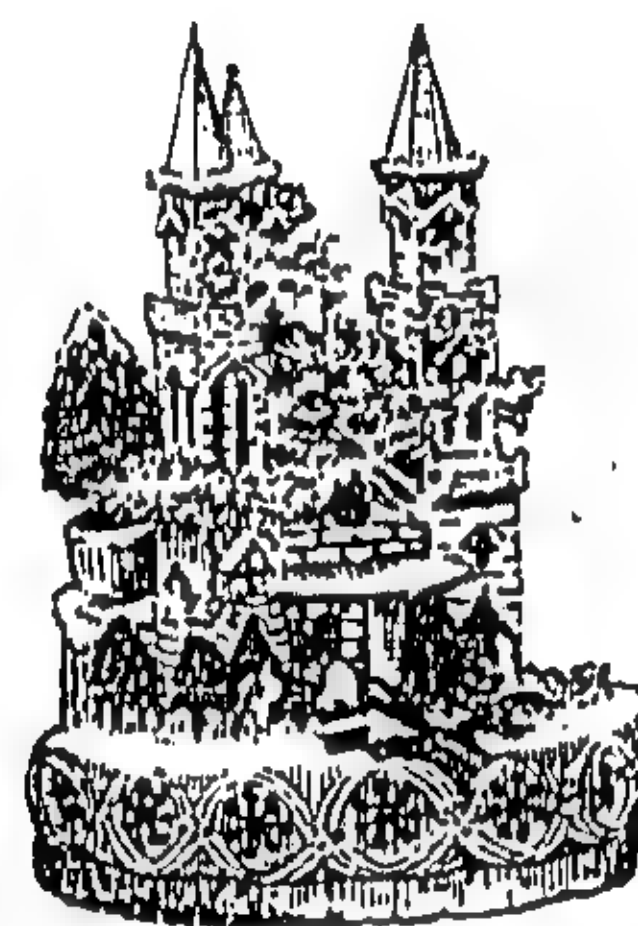
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS — BOOKS

Diamonds are nice presents, but they have to be kept in vaults. Pocket handkerchiefs are seldom properly appreciated. It's thoughtless to give a yacht unless you can furnish the crew. And when a woman buys a man a tie, the result is often traumatic to both.

But BOOKS are a Christmas shopper's best friend. A BOOK is just about the only present with which a commuter can delight a king, with which a millionaire can surprise another millionaire. The family that owns a thousand books inevitably wants more. And the family that owns none will be flattered to get one. Only in a book can you give your child the moon. Or his future.

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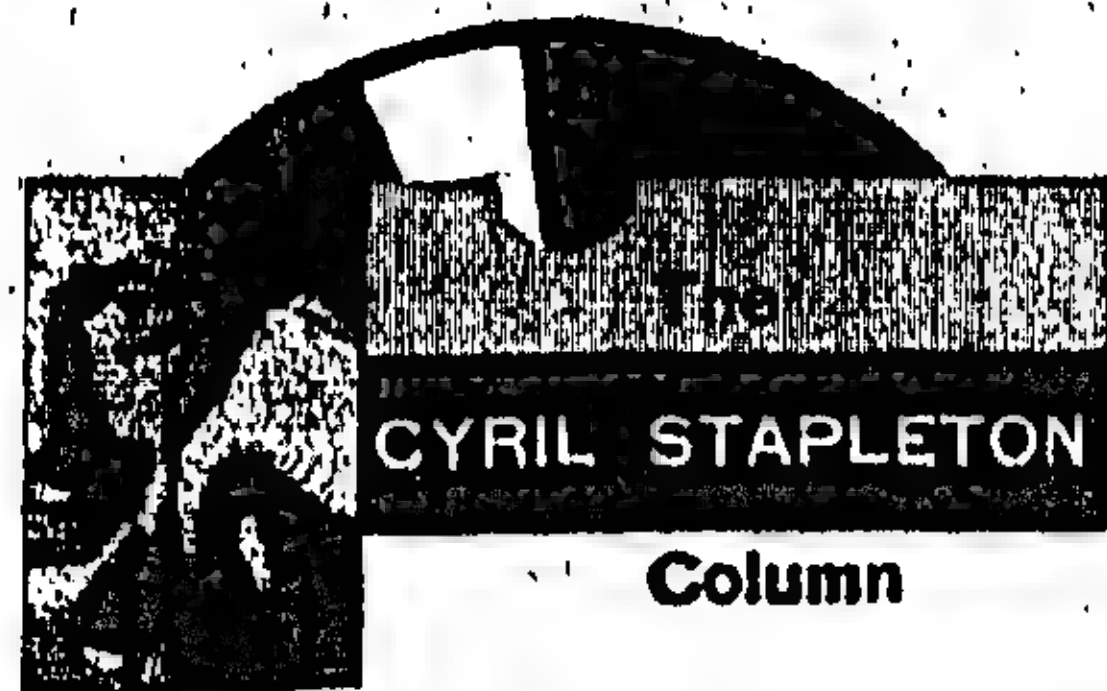
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CYRIL STAPLETON
Column

AT LAST A BRITISH NEWCOMER

A NEW bouquet of exotic names has sprouted in the get-rich-quick paradise of best-selling records.

While Britain has brought to light only two outstanding vocal personalities since Tommy Steele, in the shape of Marty Wilde and Cliff Richard, the American recording scene has been repopulated several times.

There are Duane Eddy, Conway Twitty, the Big Bopper, Robin Luke, Bobby Darin, Little Anthony, the Applejacks and the Teddy Bears.

Having made the grade in the American lists it's practically a certainty in pop astrology that the stars that twinkle in America will shine as brightly in the sales charts in Britain.

I am happy to report a third British contender for stardom—look out for 23-year-old Rikki Price from Sunderland. He is being hotly tipped along Tin-Pan-Alley.

with the Kingston Trio's original version. In Britain Lennie Donegan has also put out an interpretation.

The boy from Sunderland is up against the big guns. He had to leave his job up there to make his bid for stardom.

While he waits for the verdict of record buyers, Rikki Price is sweating it out on a building site in the Sunderland area, bumping cement around in a wheelbarrow.

And it's not so easy pushing a wheelbarrow when you have your fingers crossed.

Private disc

A few weeks ago he was a dockyard worker. Then one of his private discs reached the office of music publisher Sid Green.

Sid, the man who discovered Dickie Valentine and the Kaye Sisters, raved over the phone to Jack Beaverstock of Fontana Records, with the result that Rikki Price was rushed to Town for his first professional recording session.

The song they gave him was indicative of his high prospects—"Tom Dooley." It has been big in the American sellers

RANK RECORDS are going ahead and some of the doubters will take notice of their first signing—Johnny Dankworth.

Dankworth, golden boy of British jazz, is on a long contract.

Ranks' general manager, Malcolm McGrady, is in America negotiating and may engage a top A. and R. man to challenge established companies in Britain.

He will probably arrange for distribution of the Top Rank label in America.

Rank means business.

Two of the Roving Kind!

By NANCY SPAIN

TRAVELLERS are a rummy lot: particularly women travellers. And since women have become so hopelessly emancipated they seem to vie with one another in travelling Uncomfortably, whizzing round the world on camel-back, in open boat, or raft. Etcetera.

Very few women nowadays favour First Class Travel. Two such intrepid women have travel books out this week: Freya Stark (still undisputed queen of them all), who goes by perpetually collapsing truck and on postage, and Lella Hadley, who obstinately progresses by sail boat.

Freya Stark has written a really magnificent book in ALEXANDER'S PATH (John Murray, 30s.).

It is a brilliant, inspiring account of a journey along the coastline of Turkey that roughly follows the armies of Alexander the Great.

When I started this book I knew nothing of Alexander, whom I thought of as a sort of Napoleonic, crazy about conquest for its own sake. Goodness how wrong I was.

Freya, as she rides along, shares with her readers her very considerable passion for Alexander. And it seems he was a fascinating visionary.

He dreamed of "uniting and mixing in a great loving cup, as it were, men's lives, their characters, their marriages, their very habits."

Here is the final joy. For Freya Stark, in spite of herself, is forced to share in a Turkish loving-cup.

No matter how she may pine to put up her tent in happy solitude, or snuggle down in her sleeping bag, the comic characters who drive her truck positively insist she partakes of Turkish hospitality.

So she is forced into house-holds where she drinks communal herb tea, and eats communal cucumber and stewed beans, and lies on communal mattresses in the communal room.

Everyone knows all about Freya Stark's mastery of the English language. She has been described as an "aristocrat" among stylists and the quality of her mind, too, is something rare and wonderful.

But the thing that really astonishes me about her is her stamina. She was born in 1893 and was far from healthy as a young woman. In her twenties she often had to lie in a sick room for months at a time. She has had at least one major operation.

Now in her sixties she expends her physical energy on travel and experience. When other women of 60 are passing the time playing a little bridge and wondering what to wear with what, Freya Stark is probably making plans to cross the Caucasus on a camel.

Not that she is not perfectly feminine. She is. She has a passion for hats, has been known to buy six at a time, and thinks a lot about clothes.

In her saddle-bag she always has, carefully rolled into a ball, an interchangeable two-piece that can be adapted for lunch with the consul or dinner with the governor.

With the top for lunch," she explains, "but without for dinner. Or maybe even the other way round."

After such historic discomfort Lella Hadley, who only tossed aside a well-paid publicity job in New York and set off, plus her seven-year-old son Kippy, to visit Hongkong, Macao, Bangkok, and places East, and tells all about it in her travel book GIVE ME THE WORLD (Gollancz, 21s.), seems almost conventional.

Not for long, however. When Lella and Kippy have reached Bangkok, Lella not only observes that King Phumiphon, "an owl young man wearing spectacles and a white linen suit," direct descendant of the king part of "The King and I," enjoys playing the saxophone in a night club called Chez Eve; but she also falls in love. With

a three-masted schooner called the California.

With the California's crew (four Americans called Art, Vic, Hal, and Yvor), Lella sails from Bangkok to Penang, from Penang, by way of some dinky little tropic islands and a fearful encounter with a whale that has a horribly smelly breath, to Ceylon.

There she leaves the little ship and so does Yvor. Yvor has to go home to do his National Service and Lella goes to India. Everyone sniffs, emotionally Lella agrees to meet the California at Beirut.

And in spite of the glamour and clamour of Ceylon and India (a maid who actually cleans Lella's toe-nails before she allows her out in the street in sandals) Lella pines and pines for the California.

At Beirut she awaits their coming like Sister Anne, staring from the window and exclaiming the port authorities to give them a bang-up welcome: flags, salutes, the lot.

The she rejoins the ship and sails to Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, and Malta, through the magic of the Mediterranean.

But somehow everything is changed. Instead of Yvor there is a waspish character called George who makes snail jokes, and life is not so care-free and relaxed on shipboard.

Then Lella decides to leave them. Says Vic, one of the original, well-loved crew: "Why not ring Yvor when you get back to New York? You know? Tell him how we miss him. It's not the same without him."

Lella arrives in New York. She rings Vic.

Three days later, to her own astonishment and, I must say, to mine, she marries him. Later again they have a daughter and christen her Victoria California. Isn't that nice?

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Signs Of The Time

By Harry Weinert



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1.00 p.m. SIGNAL.
1.15 p.m. NEWS.
1.30 p.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.45 p.m. MUSIC.
2.00 p.m. MUSIC.
2.15 p.m. MUSIC.
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12.00 p.m. MUSIC.

Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, WEATHER REPORT & PROGRAMME.
8.15 a.m. MUSIC.
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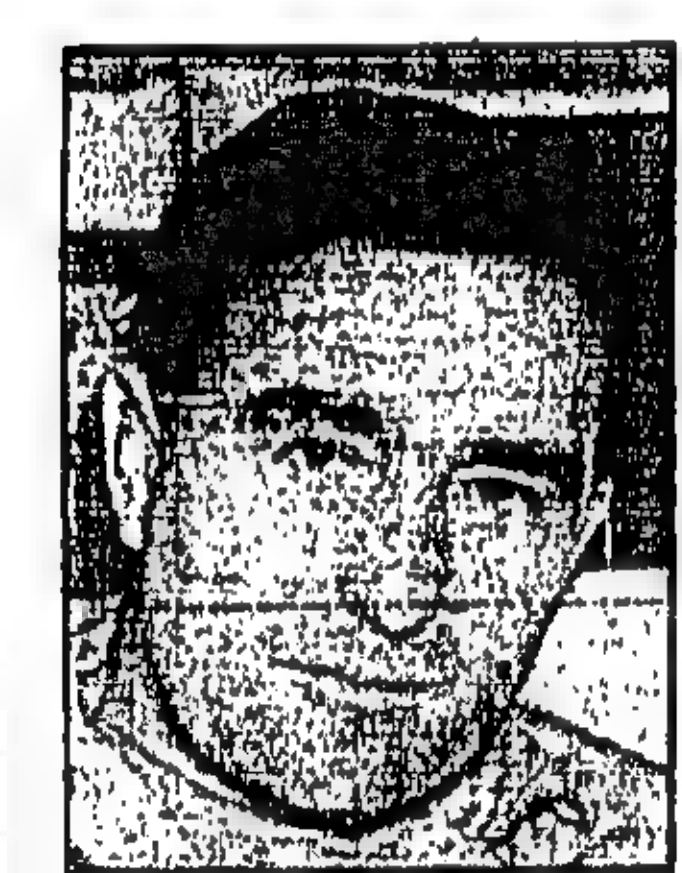
Sir John Talks On The Atom In Peace

Most of us have little or no knowledge of the atom, and we tend to look warily at the whole question of atomic energy, unable to forget that, not too long ago, research was almost wholly geared to the construction of atomic bombs.

Recently however, scientists have achieved so many spectacular successes in the application of atomic energy to peaceful purposes, that people are gradually being persuaded to forget their initial doubts and fears.

In a series of three talks, "The Story of the Atom", recorded for the BBC, Sir John Cockcroft gives an intelligent and enlightening view of these scientific marvels. He traces the story of atomic development from the pioneer days of Lord Rutherford, father of atomic research, with whom Sir John was closely associated, to the first atomic power station and the use of radio-active materials in the fields of medicine, agriculture and industry. Sir John Cockcroft shares with T. S. Walton the distinction of splitting the atom in 1932, for which they jointly received the 1951 Nobel Prize for Physics. The first talk, "The Early Research", will be broadcast on Monday at 8 p.m.

Is It Cricket?



Denis Compton

Last week Radio Hongkong gave full coverage of the Australian Test matches. This week on Tuesday evening at 9.15, distinguished cricketers and cricket lovers will explain the particular fascination of the game in their own words and how it is enjoyed by the people.

The contributors to this BBC programme "Is It Cricket?" include famous personalities such as Denis Compton, Norman Yardley, the Rt. Hon. Lord Birkett, G.C., and W. Macquenn, M.P.

Soviet Drama

"Not By Bread Alone", translated by Dr. Edith Bone from the sensational novel by Vladimir Dudintsev and adapted for broadcasting by David Tutove, is a "human triangle" story set in the contemporary Soviet world of State-run factories and bureaucratic control. "An idea needs a strong man to make it prosper," says Drozdov, the up-and-coming State factory manager. But Lopalkin, the young inventor keeps his fierce faith in an ideal Communism. However, hungry he might be, he would always be ready to exchange his bread for a spark of belief. "Man," he says, "does not live by bread alone." And Nadia, the charming wife of the self-centred Drozdov, shares the scientist's ideals.

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.50 A THOUGHT ON YOUR WAY.
8.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
8.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.30 WEATHER REPORT.
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11.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
11.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
11.30 WEATHER REPORT.
11.45 DIARY FOR TODAY.
12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.30 THE NEW ARMY.
National Service is about to end and a new Army of volunteers is being created. This programme, based on a series of visits made by Edward Ward and Rene Cutforth to units in the U.K.,



Sir John Cockcroft

Produced by Gillian Durling.
10.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
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BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

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SATURDAY, DEC. 13

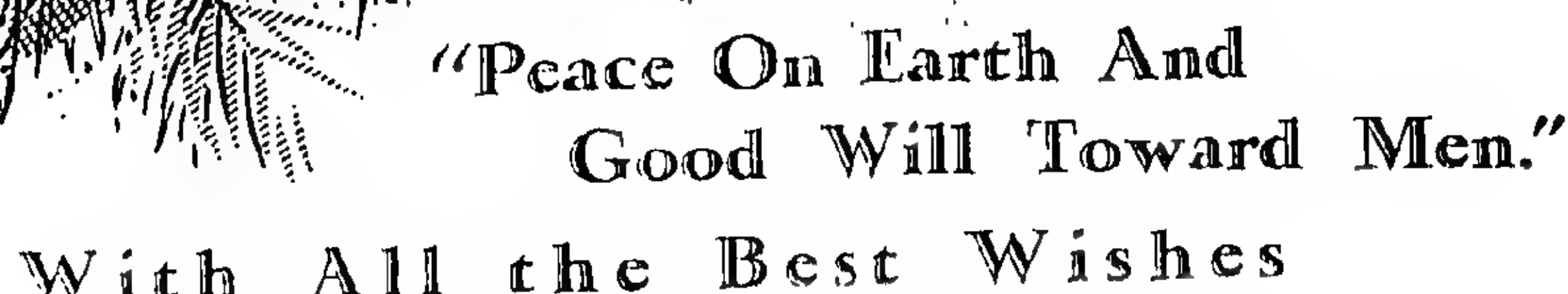
1.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
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1.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
1.45 FORCES FAVOURITES.
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SUNDAY, DEC. 14

1.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
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1.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
1.45 FORCES FAVOURITES.
2.00 THE NEWS.
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Monday, DEC. 15

1.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
1.45 FORCES FAVOURITES.
2.00 THE NEWS.
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10 PEDDER STREET — HONG KONG.



The MYSTERY of the MAGI

We Three Kings of Orient
are,
bearing gifts we traverse
of
Field and Fountain, Moor
and Mountain,
Following yonder star...

by HAROLD WALTON

ON the 13th Day after Christmas they came:

Melchior with the gift of gold, Balthazar

bringing incense, and Jaspar, the 'black

Ethiopian,' who offered myrrh

SO goes the lovely hymn at Christmastide. Yet how many children, lisping the words on our front porches or at the school's Christmas concert, ask themselves the question: Who were the three Kings of Orient who had thus travelled so far? And how much is known about them?

There is no mention of the Kings in Biblical Scripture. St Matthew, it is

true, says that Wise Men from the East came to Bethlehem bearing gifts to the Christ Child, but even he did not give their number.

Only from the gifts he names — gold, frankincense and myrrh — is it assumed there were three of them.

So how is it, through the dark, dim centuries that have passed since that first Christmas, there has grown up this legend of the three Kings — a legend which has taken such a powerful hold in popular imagination that even today millions of people believe that their bones actually lie in Cologne Cathedral?

daughter of our own Old King Cole, the British King Cole of what is now Colchester.

Strange New Cult

The Empress Helena, by all accounts, was a very formidable woman, and she lived in that tremendous fourth century A.D., when the strange new cult of Christianity was beginning seriously to impress the minds of men. She herself was baptised somewhere around the age of 70, and she lived to see (through her son) Christianity become the official religion of the Roman Empire. And in her old age, if all is to be believed, she visited the Holy Land and the Holy places.

She is credited with discovering the true Cross and about the same time (though history is very vague on the subject) she found apparently in Syria through one version says Persia, the bones of the Three Kings and had them transported to her son's imposing new capital of Constantinople.

Thus was the seed of the Three Kings planted. The legend was to grow until in the Middle Ages everything seemed to be known about them. Even their names were given.

They were said to be Melchior described as the King of Nubia, the smallest of the Three, who gave the Christ Child the gift of gold; Balthazar, King of Chaldea, of medium build, who offered incense; and Jaspar, King of Tarshish, a tall and splendid "black-Ethiopian," who gave myrrh.

Nor, it seems from the legend, did they visit the Saviour alone. They were accompanied by all the barbaric splendour of kingship with crowds of servants and slaves, and trains of mules

and pack-horses. And they arrived on the scene of the Nativity when the Child was thirteen days old.

All this does not quite square up with the story told by St Matthew, who said the Magi, after worshipping the Christ Child, were warned in a dream not to return to the court of King Herod but "to depart unto their own country another way."

Surely the glittering panoply of kingship which the Middle Ages ascribed to them could not so easily have escaped the detection of the watching Herod!

Nevertheless, that is the story which flourished, and when their bones were removed from Constantinople to Milan they already had a firm place in popular esteem.

Sacred Relics

In 1164 when the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa captured Milan, he presented the bones to Archbishop von Dassel of Cologne. The relics were then transported to the point where they could be brought down the Rhine to Cologne and so, in barges, they reached the place where they still rest.

The costly golden reliquary of Romanesque design in which the relics were eventually enshrined, is the most precious treasure of Cologne Cathedral. It is in the shape of a church and depicts on its front Christ's three Epiphanies to the Wise Men as the representatives of the pagan world, to the Jews at the baptism of Christ, and to all people on Judgment Day. In contrast to the glory of Christ as shown on the front of the Shrine, His suffering and death are shown at the back.

In the lower parts of the roof are scenes from the life of Christ and on the upper part originally were scenes from His resurrection. The front is of gold foil, the sides and back gilded silver; the core is oak. Wrought figures, rich ornaments of precious stones, and filigree and enamel are the work of many mediaeval craftsmen. Nicholas of Verdun depicted the Prophets in 1180 but the Shrine was not completed until about 1220.

In 1248 the foundation of the present cathedral was laid. It was described then as a new cathedral to be built over the golden house of the Wise Men.

But the bones of the Magi have not rested entirely in peace. In the fourteenth century they were removed to a nearby chapel, and in 1794 the Shrine was carried away from Cologne and hidden to save it from the French who used the cathedral as a hay magazine.

Moved Again

In 1939 they were moved again, this time to the Elftal Mountains to protect the Shrine from Allied bombing. When the Shrine was returned in 1948 it was at the head of a triumphal procession and laid in the high altar of the cathedral. There it is today, in what originally was meant to be the pivotal point of the whole cathedral.



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Tantalising

What a tantalising question it is. Let us look back trying to answer it, to all that we know about the beginning of the legend. We may call it the Mystery of the Magi.

For the Magi were pretty certainly the wise men of whom St Matthew wrote. The Magi were the professional wise men of Persia—cynics might call them witch doctors, but they were more priests than doctors—who in the earliest times had quite an international reputation.

Many of them must often have travelled in the Holy Land and what more natural than that some of these, their curiosity aroused by the stories which must have circulated about the Child who was born in a stable, should want to visit Him?

And there the matter might have ended but for an extraordinary woman—the Empress Helena. She was the mother of Constantine the Great and (if legend is to be believed, though alas I am afraid it is not) the

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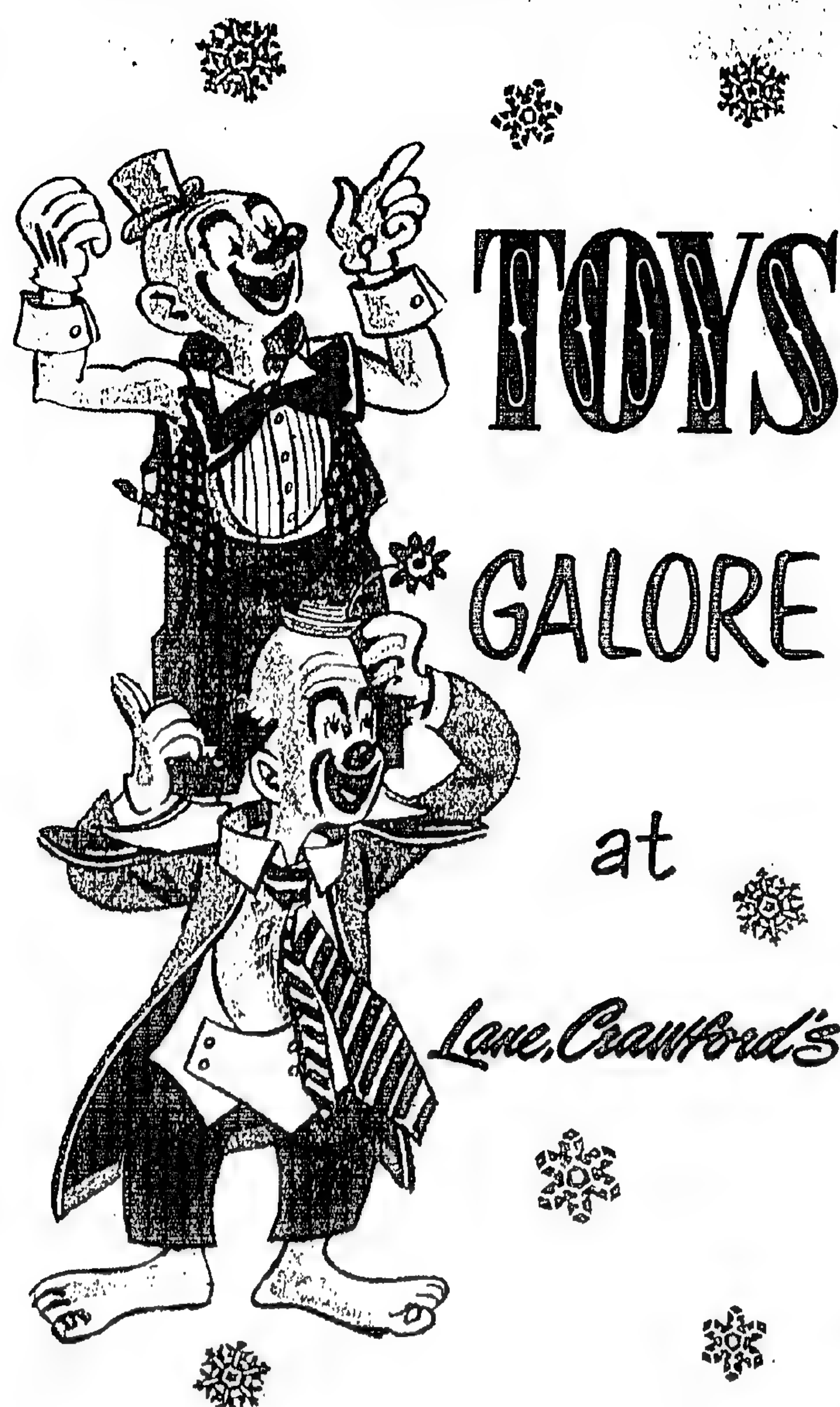
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The Fir Tree

BY HANS ANDERSEN



"Rejoice in thy youth," said the sunbeam. "Rejoice in thy fresh growth and the young life that is in thee." And the wind kissed the tree, and the dew watered it with tears, but the fir tree regarded them not.

Christmas drew near and many young trees were cut down, some even smaller and younger than the fir tree, who enjoyed neither rest nor peace from longing to leave its forest home. These young trees, chosen for their beauty, kept their branches, but they too were laid on wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest.



FAR down in the forest, where the warm sun and the fresh air made a sweet resting place, grew a pretty little fir tree. Yet it was not so happy—it wished so much to be tall like its companions, the pines and firs which grew around it. The sun shone, the soft air fluttered its leaves, and the little peasant children passed by, prattling merrily, but the fir tree heeded them not. Sometimes the children would bring a large basket of raspberries or strawberries, wreathed on a straw, and seat themselves near the fir tree and say, "Is this not a pretty little tree?" which made it feel more unhappy than before.

Yet all this while the tree grew a notch or joint taller every year—for by the number of joints in the stem of a fir tree we can discover its age. Still, as it grew it complained. "Oh, how I wish I were as tall as the other trees, then I would spread out my branches on every side, and my top would overlook the wide world. I should have the birds building their nests on my boughs, and when the wind blew, I should bow with stately dignity like my tall companions."

The tree was so discontented that it took no pleasure in the warm sunshine, the birds, or the rosy clouds that floated over it

morning and evening. Sometimes in winter, when the snow lay white and glittering on the ground, a hare would come springing along and would jump right over the little tree, and then how mortified it would feel!

Two winters passed, and when the third arrived, the tree had grown so tall that the hare was obliged to run round it. Yet it remained dissatisfied and would exclaim, "Oh, if I could but keep on growing tall and old! There is nothing else worth caring for in the world."

In the autumn, as usual, the woodcutters came and cut down several of the tallest trees. And the young fir tree, which was not grown to its full height, shuddered as the noble trees fell to the earth with a crash. After the branches were lopped off, the trunks looked so slender and bare that they could scarcely be recognised. Then they were placed upon wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest. "Where were they going? What would become of them?" The young fir tree wished very much to know. So in the spring, when the swallows and the storks came, it asked, "Do you know where those trees were taken? Did you meet them?"

The swallows knew nothing, but the stork, after a little reflection, nodded his head and said, "Yes, I think I do. I met several new ships when I flew from Egypt, and they had masts that looked just like fir trees. I am sure you they were stately, very stately."

"Oh, how I wish I were tall enough to go on the sea," said the fir tree. "What is this sea, and what is it like?" "It would take too much time to explain," said the stork, flying quickly away.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree. "They are no taller than I am. Indeed, one is much shorter. And why are the branches not cut off? Where are they going?"

"We know. We know," sang the sparrows. "We have looked in at the windows of the houses in town, and we know what is done with them. They are dressed up in the most splendid manner. We have seen them standing in the middle of a warm room, and adorned with all sorts of beautiful things—honey cakes, gilded apples, playthings and many hundreds of wax tapers."

"And then," asked the fir tree, trembling through all its branches, "And then what happens?"

"We did not see any more," said the sparrows. "But that was enough for us."

"I wonder whether anything so brilliant will ever happen to me," thought the fir tree. "It would be much better than crossing the sea. I long for it almost with pain. Oh, when will Christmas be here? I am now as tall and well grown as those which were taken away last year. Oh, that I were now laid on the wagon, or standing in the warm room, with all that brightness and splendour around me! Something better and more beautiful is to come after, or the trees would not be so decked out. Yes, what follows will be grander and more splendid. What can it be? I am weary with longing. I scarcely know how I feel."

"Rejoice with us," said the air and the sunlight. "Enjoy thine own bright life in the fresh air."

But the tree would not rejoice, though it grew taller every day. And winter and summer its dark green foliage might be seen in the forest, while passers-by would say, "What a beautiful tree!"

A short time before Christmas, the discontented fir tree was the first to fall. As the axe cut through the stem and divided the plumb, the tree fell with a groan to the earth, conscious of pain and faintness, and forgetting all its anticipations of happiness in sorrow at leaving its home in the forest. It knew that it should never again see its dear old companions, the trees, nor the little bushes and many-nerved plants that had grown by its side; perhaps not even the birds. Neither was the journey at all pleasant. The tree first recovered itself while being unpacked with several other trees in the courtyard of a house, and it heard a man say, "We want only one, and this is the prettiest."

Then came two servants in grand livery and carried the fir tree into a large and beautiful apartment. On the walls hung pictures and near the great stove stood great china vases with lions on the lids. There were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, and tables covered with pictures, books and playthings worth a great deal of money. At least, the children said so. Then the fir tree was placed in a large tub full of sand, but green baize hung all around it so that no one could see it was a tree, and it stood on a very handsome carpet. How the fir tree trembled! "What is going to happen to me now?" Some young ladies came and the servants helped them to adorn the tree. On one branch they hung little bags cut out of

coloured paper, and each bag was filled with sweets. From other branches hung gilded apples and walnuts as if they had grown there, and above and all around were hundreds of red, blue, and white tapers, which were fastened on the branches. Dolls exactly like real ones were placed under the green leaves—the tree had never seen such things before! And at the very top was fastened a glittering star made of tin. Oh, it was very beautiful!

"This evening," they all exclaimed, "how bright it will be!" "Oh, that the evening were here!" thought the tree. "The tapers lighted! Then I shall know what else is going to happen. Will the trees of the forest come to see me? I wonder if the sparrows will peep in at the windows as they fly? Shall I grow faster here, and keep on all these ornaments during summer and winter?" But guessing was of very little use. It made his back ache, and this pain was as bad for a slender fir tree as a headache is for us. At last the tapers were lighted and then what a glittering blaze of light the tree presented! It trembled so with joy in all its branches that one of the candles fell among the green leaves and burnt some of them. "Help! Help!" exclaimed the young ladies, but there was no danger for they quickly extinguished the fire. After this the tree tried not to tremble at all, though the fire frightened him. He was so anxious not to hurt any of the beautiful ornaments, even while their brilliancy dazzled him. Now the folding doors were thrown open and a troop of children rushed in as if they intended to upset the tree. They were followed more slowly by their elders. For a moment the children were silent from astonishment, then they shouted for joy till the room rang, and they danced merrily round the tree, while one or two after another was taken from it.

"What are they doing? What will happen next?" thought the fir tree. At last the candles were burnt down to the branches and were put out. Then the children received permission to plunder the tree. Oh, how they rushed upon it, till the branches cracked, and had it not been fastened with the glittering star to the ceiling, it must have been thrown down. The children then danced about with their pretty toys, and no one noticed the tree except the children's maid, who came and peeped among the branches to see if an apple or a fig had been forgotten. "A story! A story!" cried the children, pulling a little fat man towards the tree.

"Now we shall be in the green shade," said the man, as he seated himself under it, "and the tree will have the pleasure of hearing also, but I shall only relate one story. What shall it be? I've-Avade? Or Humpty Dumpty who fell downstairs but soon got up again, and at last married a princess?"

"I've-Avade," cried some. "Humpty Dumpty," cried others, and there was a fine shouting and crying out. The fir tree remained quite still and thought to himself, "Shall I have anything to do with all this?" But he had already amused them as much as they wished. Then the old man told them the story of Humpty Dumpty—how he fell downstairs and was raised up again, and married a princess. And the children clapped their hands and cried, "Tell another! Tell another!" They wanted to hear the story of I've-Avade, but they only had Humpty Dumpty. After this the fir tree became quite silent and thoughtful. Never had the birds in the forest told such tales as Humpty Dumpty, who fell downstairs and yet married a princess.

(Continued on Page 27)



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The Fir Tree . . . BY HANS ANDERSEN



(Continued from Page 26)

"Ah, yes, so it happens in the world," thought the fir tree. He believed it all, because it was related by such a nice man. "Ah, well," he thought, "who knows? Perhaps I may fall down too, and marry a princess." And he looked forward joyfully to the next evening, expecting again to be decked out with lights and playthings, gold and fruit. "Tomorrow, I will not tremble," thought he. "I will enjoy all my splendour, and I shall hear the story of Humpty Dumpty again."

"Now," thought the fir, "all my splendour is going to begin again." But they dragged him out of the room and upstairs to the garret and threw him on the floor, in a dark corner where no daylight shone, and there they left him. "What does this mean?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? I can hear nothing in a place like this!" And he leaned against the wall and thought and thought.

He had time enough to think, for days and nights passed and no one came near him, and when at last somebody did come, it was only to put away large boxes in a corner. So the tree was completely hidden from sight as if it had never existed. "It is winter now," thought the tree. "The ground is hard and covered with snow, so that people cannot plant me. I shall be sheltered here, I daresay, until spring comes. How thoughtful and kind everybody is to me! Still I wish this place were not so dark, so lonely, with not even a little hole to look at. How pleasant it was out in the forest when the snow lay on the ground. Then the birds would run by, yes, and jump over me too, although I did not like it then. Oh, it is terribly lonely here!" "Squeak, squeak," said a little mouse, creeping cautiously to-

he talked, the more he remembered, and then he thought to himself: "Those were happy days, but they may come again. Humpty Dumpty fell downstairs, and yet he married the princess. Perhaps I may marry a princess too!" And the fir tree thought of the pretty little birch tree that grew in the forest, which was to him a real beautiful princess.



"Who is Humpty Dumpty?" asked the little mice, and then the tree related the whole story. He could remember every single word, and the little mice were so delighted with it that they were ready to jump to the top of the tree. The next night a great many more mice came, and on Sunday two rats came with them. But the rats said it was not a pretty story at all, and the little mice were very sorry, for it made them also think less of it.

"Do you know only one story?" asked the rats. "Only one," replied the fir tree. "I heard it on the happiest evening in my life, but I did not know I was so happy at the time."

"We think it is a very miserable story," said the rats. "Don't you know any story about bacon or tallow in the storeroom?" "No," replied the tree, "they replied the rats, and they marched off."



"I know nothing of that place," said the fir tree. "But I know the wood where the sun shines and the birds sing." And then the tree told the little mice all about its youth. They had never heard such an account in their lives. After they listened to it attentively, they said: "What a number of things you have seen! You must have been very happy."

"Happy?" exclaimed the fir tree. "And then to be reflected upon what I have been telling them, he said: 'Ah, yes. After all, these were happy days.' But when he went on and related all about Christmas Eve, and how he had been dressed up with cakes and lights, the mice said: 'How happy you must have been, you old fir tree!'"



"I am not old at all," replied the tree. "I only came from the forest a little while ago. I am now checked in my growth." "What splendid stories you can relate," said the little mice. And the next night, four other mice came with them to hear what the tree had to tell. The more

"Now life is beginning again," said the tree, rejoicing in the sunshine and fresh air. Then it was carried downstairs and taken into the courtyard, so quickly that it forgot to think or itself, and could only look about. There was so much to be seen! The court was close to a garden, where everything looked blooming. Fresh and fragrant roses hung over the little palings. The linden trees were in blossom, while the swallows flew here and there, crying "twit, twit, twit, my note is coming!" But it was not the fir tree they meant.

"Now I shall live," cried the tree, joyfully spreading out its branches. But alas, they were all withered and yellow, and it lay in a corner amongst weeds and nettles. The star of gold paper still stuck in the top of the tree and glittered in the sunshine. In the same courtyard were playing two of the merry children who had danced round the tree at Christmas and had been so happy. The youngest saw the withered tree and pulled it off the tree.

"Look what is sticking to the old ugly fir tree," said the child, treading on the branches till they cracked under his boots. And the tree saw all the fresh bright flowers in the garden, and then looked at itself and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret. It thought of its fresh youth in the forest, of the merry Christmas evening, and of the little mice who had

listened to the story of Humpty Dumpty. "What past!" said the old tree. "Oh, had I but enjoyed myself while I could have done so! Now it is too late."

Then a bird came and chopped the tree into small pieces, till a large bundle lay in a heap on the ground. The pieces were placed in a fire under the kettle, and they quickly blazed up brightly, while the tree sighed so deeply that each sigh was like a little pistol shot. Then the children, who were at play, came and seated themselves in front of the fire, and looked at it and cried: "Pop, pop." But at each pop, which was a deep sigh, the tree was thinking of a moment in its life, or of some winter night there when the stars shone brightly, and of Christmas evening, and of Humpty Dumpty, the only story it had ever heard or known how to relate—till at last it was consumed.



The boys still played in the garden, and the youngest wore on his breast the golden star with which the tree had been adorned during the happiest evening of its existence. Now all was past; the tree's life was past, and the story also—for all stories must come to an end at last.

Rupert and the Carved Stick—37



Leaving Edward on one tree stump the gentleman trots over to Rupert on the other. "What is it, little bear?" he asks gloomily. "I can't get any sense out of that message from the stick. The line shows nothing but grass and trees." "But surely you were looking at it from the wrong end!" cries Rupert. "Stand back and look at the other end and see where the line leads you." The gentleman follows his pointing finger and gives a start. "The island! My island!" he gasps in astonishment.

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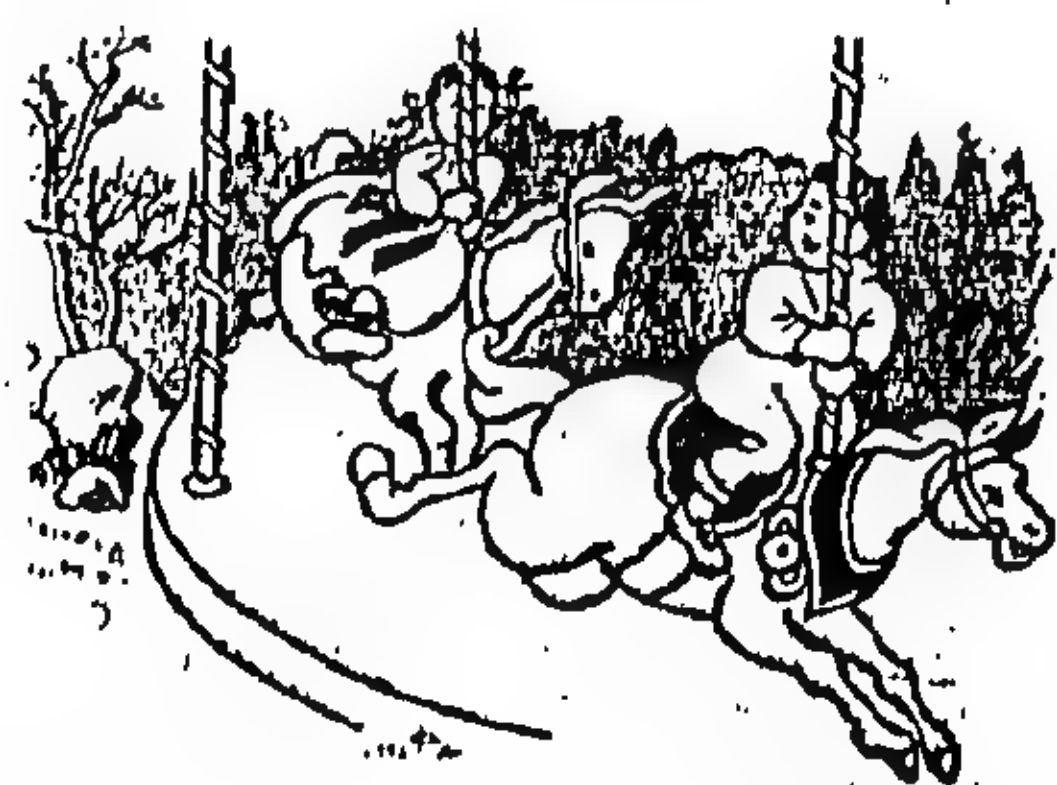
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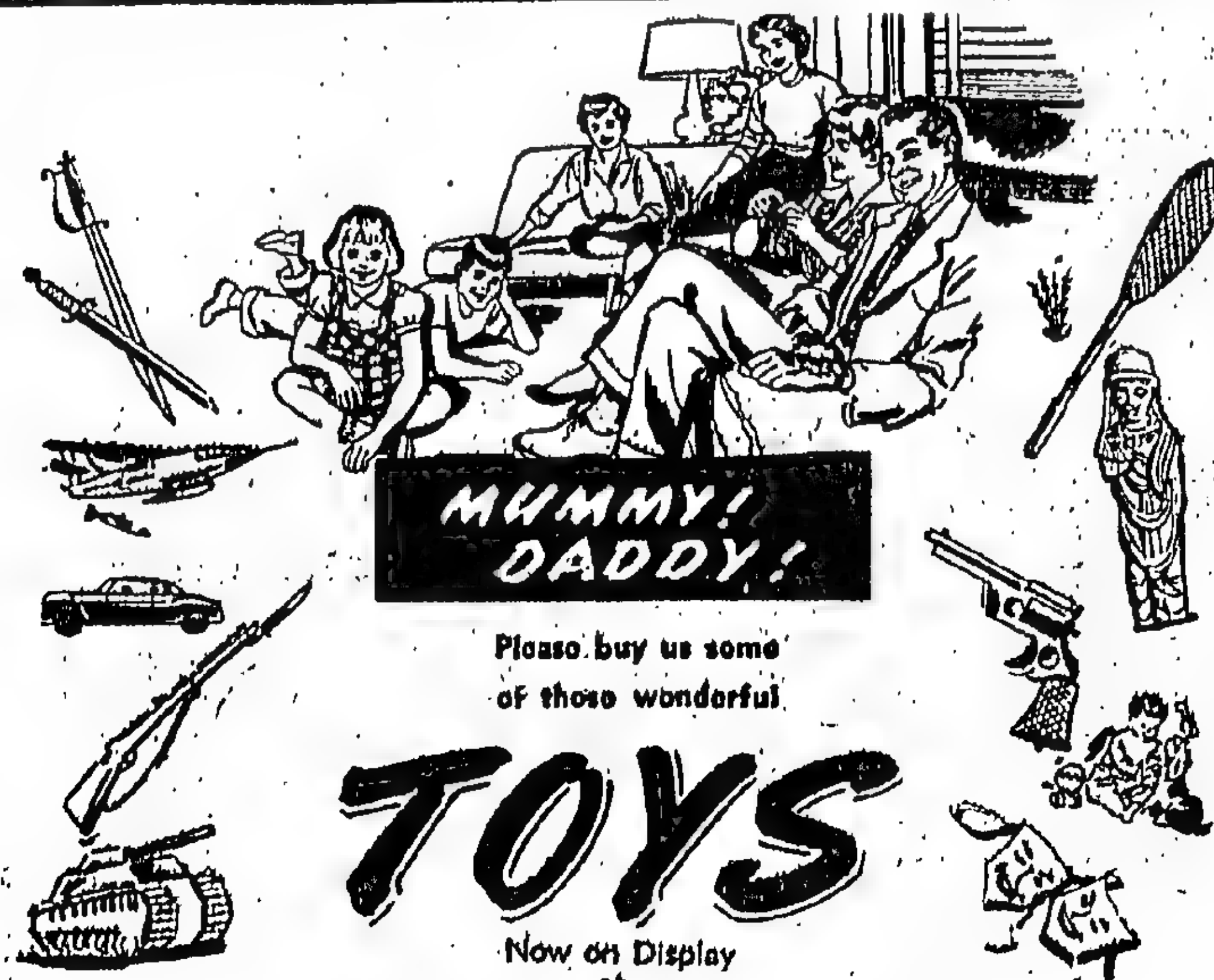
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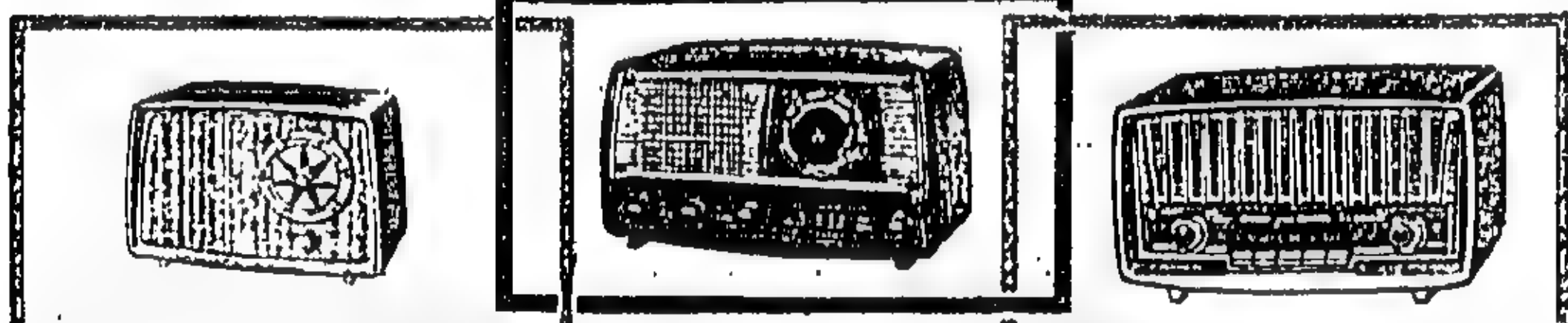
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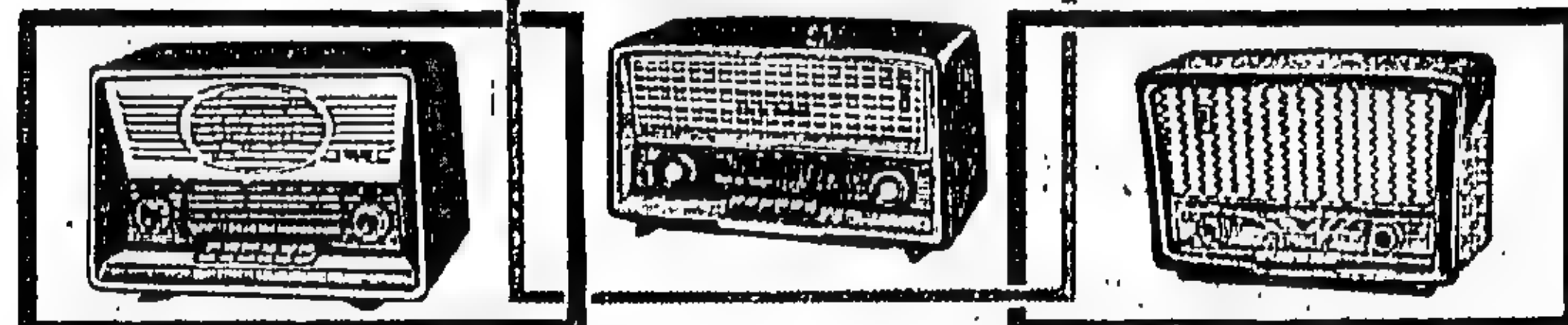
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Father Christmas — In Person

By Father Christmas
(Stanley Ross)

He claims the title: Premier Father Christmas of Great Britain. Stanley Ross is an actor from the old music-hall days. For 28 years he has been Father Christmas in the toy bazaars of several London stores. He is 88. Here is his Christmas story as told to Harold M. Harris.

ALL these years I've played it straight. When I first got the part, it's just as important, I said to myself, as a star role in a play. Whether it's Father Christmas in a toy bazaar or Hamlet at the Old Vic—I've never played Hamlet, mind you. But, my goodness, I could tell you stories of some other parts I've played.

But let me see now. Stories about me as Father Christmas. I suppose it is my biggest part really, when I think of the fan mail I've had—oh, yes, I was going to tell you about that Amy Higgins—it was all a long time ago, and I forgot you know. I sometimes wondered what happened to her, and then suddenly enough, I got a letter last week that reminded me of her.

A lot of children write me letters, of course. You ask any Father Christmas, I suppose they think there's more chance of getting what they want if they put it in writing.

"What's your name?" I say to them. And then they press their little letters in my hand, and I say, "Thank you, my dear, but I haven't time to read it now, so I'll keep it till tonight, when my reindeer have taken me home."

I always do read them, mind you. And if there's any address on them they're usually sent a



He claimed the title: Premier Father Christmas of Great Britain. Back in his music-hall days Stanley Ross called himself the Man in Violet. Then for nearly 30 years he played his best-known role—a Father Christmas in one of London's big stores.

And then the rat the P.S. that's stayed in my mind all these years. "P.S." she wrote, "I know Ernie Palmer is only a friend! and not a relation, so I hope you'll excuse me asking for a wheelchair for him, so as he can come back to school again. Please send it to him at the Author-P. Dick and oblige."

Well, I'm afraid there was nothing I could do about it. Times were bad, as I said. There were plenty of children in orthopaedic hospitals and no health service to give them wheelchairs. But I thought of Amy Higgins and her friend, Ernie Palmer, quite at lot that Christmas.

Of course, I never actually saw Amy, not knowing that's who it was. She was just one of the thousands of children who crowded into the store's bazaar, one of the hundreds who brought me letters. And the following year she did it again—a nice, chatty letter it was.

"Dear Father Christmas," she said. "You forgot to give me that

and then I gave one to Queen Mary. She said I was the most Father Christmas she'd ever seen.

When they'd gone, the manager came rushing up, very hot under the collar.

"What did you give Queen Mary?" he asked. "Surely you didn't give her a toy!"

Fancy him thinking I could be such a fool! I knew she was coming and I had a present all ready for her—a nice box of blue stationery.

But where was I? I was telling you about Amy Higgins, wasn't it? To tell you the truth, I forgot about her until the other day. Then I got a letter just like hers—you know, making a list of the whole family and saying what they all wanted for Christmas. Well, letter-writing runs in families, I suppose, and I know Amy Higgins is a fairly common name, but that's how this one is signed, too.

She wants a chemistry set for herself—that's a funny thing for a girl to ask for. And a spacesuit for her brother Jack. And a new TV set for her. I don't know that's Sam, the brother of the first Amy Higgins, the one that wanted football-boots 20 years ago. You see, I think this Amy might be a niece of the other one because—here, look at the end of her letter. "I hope you won't be cross with me for asking for such a lot," she says. "My Auntie Amy says you won't mind. She says she used to write long letters to you when she was a girl. Please give her and Uncle Ernie a new house for Christmas because they've grown out of the old one and now she's expecting again. Love from Amy Higgins."

But there, Amy Higgins is quite a common name, isn't it? And there must be millions of Ernies. I might even have got the names wrong after all this time.

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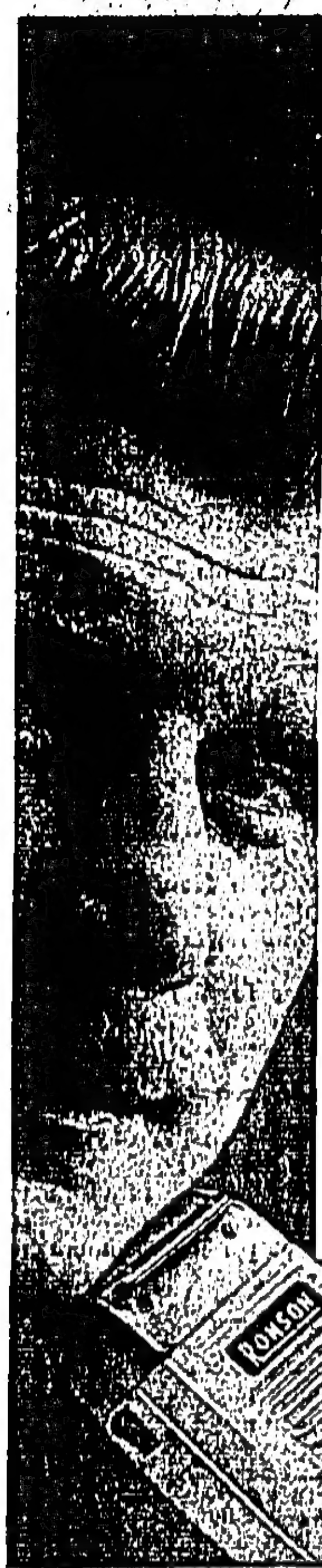
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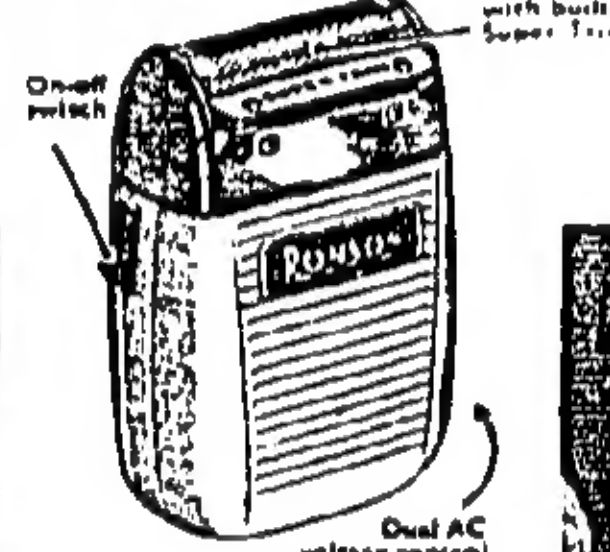
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Three Hexangular Rugby Games Today CLUB, NAVY AND POLICE FAVOURED OVER ARMY 'N', ARMY 'S' AND RAF

There are three Hexangular and one 'friendly' games scheduled for this afternoon and spectators will be able to pick and choose which two they want to see, as the two grounds being used are next door to one another in Boundary Street.

In the big game of the day the Navy meet Army South on the Army ground at 4.15 p.m. In the earlier match Army North are at home to the Club at 3.00 p.m., whilst on the other ground at 4.15 p.m. the Police clash with the RAF in the third Hexangular match. As a curtain raiser to this game Club "B" will play RAF "B".

By Pak Lo

Navy's 'Boto Noire'

In the Club-Army North game the Club have lost Cheong through a shoulder injury received on Wednesday. But with Laville to fill his place they are almost at full strength, with McTavish in the centre and Ingles and Browne as the two wings. With Valentine and Bennett in front of them this is a strong attacking three line, and all they need to win is a reasonable supply of the ball and this they should get.

Far Too Powerful

Army North has combined the two Phillips as the halves, and this should work well, and though they have Bede-Cox on the wing, it is unlikely that he will be a danger for the Army North centres are the weak links and the ball is not likely to reach the wings.

The Army North pack with Wynn and Muntz will presumably win the lineouts, but overall the Club look far too powerful, and should win by a reasonable score.

This possible win will consolidate the Club at the head of the Hexangular table, and therefore the greatest interest will lie in the Army South-Navy game.

The Navy are unlucky not to have the services of Bode, who was also injured in Wednesday's game but Haenga is still at scrum-half and Watson has been moved up to fly-half, with De Loney as one of the centres and De Merindol outside him.

In the forwards Lowe again clashes with Isaacs as hooker but as Isaacs will have more

weight behind him today he should win the majority of the scrums.

With a very strong three line behind them the Army South are today at maximum strength, with Sharp and Gould in the centre, but Clarke and Gilbertson are the weak links.

Clarke has been off form lately and this has not helped Gilbertson who always takes some time to settle.

Altogether there is little to choose between the two XV's, but Army South's weakest point is Navy's strongest and the Navy is this column's choice for the two points.

Two New Players

In the other Hexangular, the Police have discovered two new players and as a result their possession of the oddie round. Much who has never succeeded with Lewis as his partner is dropped back into the centre of the three with Johnston moving up to take over the fly-half spot, while newcomer Dunn, with a good reputation as the new full back and Fisher, also a newcomer appears on one wing.

Win For Police

The Police pack is unchanged and should beat the alman for possession of the oddie ball. Just what the result of these switches will be is of course unknown but the Police have and always have had the potential to win, and they could win this one.

The alman oddie enough have also dropped their fly-half into the centre and produced a newcomer to fill the out-half spot.

The RAF pack is not on a par with the Police but their forces are definitely better. Again like the Police their weak spot is the two halves, and everything will depend on how the respective pairs do.

The Teams

Navy: Freeman, De Merindol, Delaney, Robbins, Howells, Watson, Ingens, Ross, Isaacs, Strachan, Lees, Bristowe, Stroud, Russell, Rogers.

Army South: Woodward, Birdsell, Sharp, Gould, Homersham, Gilbertson, Clarke, Sharp, Lowe, Lennan, Mander, Garnett, Carney, Gibby, Lees.

Club: Lochrie, Browne, McTavish, Laville, Ingles, Valentine, Bennett, Whiteley, Shaffer, Williams, Howe, Walker, Campbell, Steven, Penman.

Army North: Leppard, Bede-Cox, Boys, Jowett, Pousley, Phillips, Graham, McIntosh, Wilson, Wynn, Muntz, Hill, Hodge, Whitmore.

Police: Dunn, Bellingham, Ruch, Scott, Fisher, Johnston, Lewis, Purves, Cunningham, Shelley, Newlon, Counsell, Haigh, Ross, Roberts, Touch-judge, Wilson.

RAF: Wilcox, Willingham, Martin, Redcliffe, Poyner, Lowe, Fletcher, Steer, Hill, Wright, Moss, Roberts, Brackenbury, Ahern, Conway, Touch-judge, Coburns.

Club "B": Martin, Hutt, Heenan, Wiggott, Cookem, Addis, Steward, Turner, King, Kilvert, Spencer, Collinson, Sank, Utley, O'Leary.

RAF "B": Fitchett, Swearing, Burwood, White, McShane, Blake, Howitt, Richardson, Hooper, Straw, Forse, Halgh, Bird, Segar, Campbell, Touch-judge, Robinson.

Referees
Club v Army N. — Dow.
Club "B" v RAF "B" — Greig.
Police v RAF — Collier.
Army S. v Navy — Bowden.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What happened at Illey Road, Oxford, on May 6, 1954?
2. What is the biggest total scored by a Test batsman in one innings?
3. What was the Schneider Trophy?
4. Name the cricketers who have recently flown out to Australia to reinforce the MCC touring party.
5. Who was beaten in the Wimbledon men's singles final of 1935, 1936 and 1937?
6. With which sports do you associate (a) Wally Groat, (b) Judy Grinstead, (c) Gus Risman?
7. Which sport did Ted Sloan revolutionise with his "crouching style"?
8. How many times do hockey players cross sticks in a goal?
9. Who won the 1949 British Open Golf Championship after a tie with Harry Bradshaw?
10. Which British Member of Parliament holds a record number of England international rugby caps?

(Answers on page 31)

Ann Haydon Makes Up Her Mind

Ann Haydon has made up her mind at last—table tennis comes before lawn tennis this winter.

As Britain's third ranking tennis player, she was wanted for the LTA tour of South Africa next year. But she has decided to concentrate on table tennis for the next five or six months.

Ann, a blonde and buxom 20-year-old, feels there are greater opportunities for her in table tennis. As the world's No. 2, she has a good chance of winning the world table tennis crown in Dortmund next March. In preparation for her world-title bid, she goes to Karachi in January for the Islamic table tennis championships. —London Express Service.

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DRY FLY SHERRY

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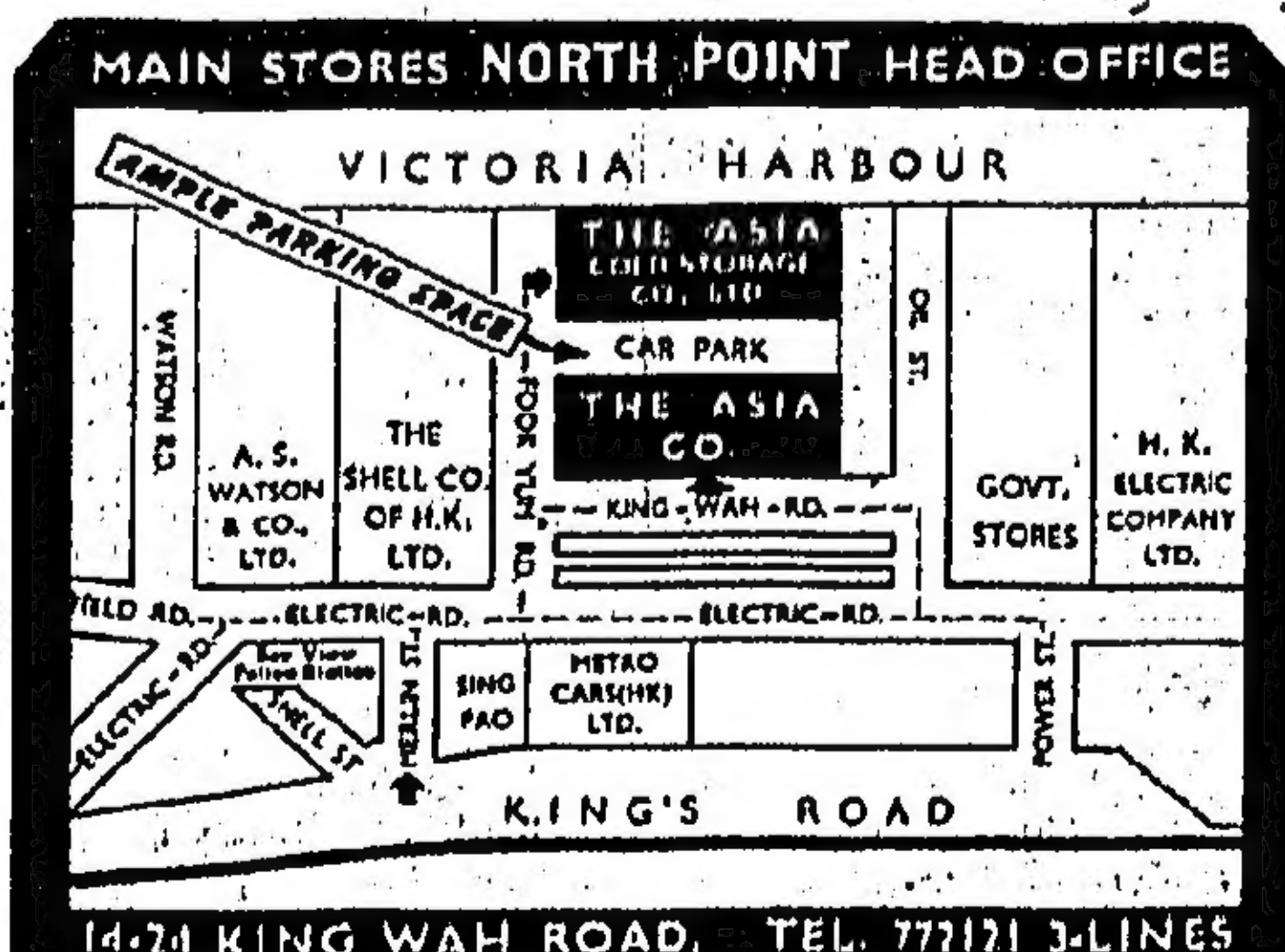
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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Veterans Of Vim And Vigour Hold The Spotlight

ARCHIE MOORE... STANLEY MATTHEWS... BOROTRA
DONALD LEACH... HARRY OWEN - HUGHES
KENNEDY-SKIPTON... HAU YUNG SANG...
AND COLONY TENNIS STAR DAO ALL HAVE ONE
THING IN COMMON. THEY HAVE APPARENTLY DE-
FIED THE NORMAL RULES WHICH PRESUME TO TIE
AGE TO SPORTING PERFORMANCE.

One might well be pardoned asking why these wholesome and hearty veterans have continued to grace their chosen game when others of their time have long since taken quietly to the sidelines. What is the hidden quality that protects and preserves the performance of one sportsman from the ravages of advancing years while reaping such a rich harvest of retirements among others.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

This is a question that has baffled many folks for a long long time and the latest astonishing achievement of ageless Archie Moore in retaining his World Light Heavyweight crown against the rough and tough challenge of a man some twenty years his junior will surely stimulate the argument all over again.

A Freak

Moore has been called a freak and a phenomenon, and doubtless many others things too, but the one fact that goes undisputed is that whether he is 42 or 45 or 49 or 49 he is still the best boxer in the world at his weight.

He has now amassed an all time record of 121 victories by knock-outs and there is surely no doubt that, accidentally or otherwise, he has found the secret—whatever it may be—of extracting from his superb

Matthews' Secret

Matthews is of course something of a football fable wherever the game is played. Many of the stories told about him are almost certainly highly coloured distortions of the truth but to speak to the Maestro: to appreciate his unspoiled modesty and above all to realise his unflinching belief in his own physical condition, is most reassuring.

Matthews does not go on and on because he has found some highly secret click. His achievements have been built of a self-designed keep-fit schedule that down through his career has been designed to PRESERVE the peak which he aimed at and reached years ago. That is his 'secret'.

Great Mistake

Others of his time, who were also great sportsmen, accepted the 'glow' of youth and only started to make their big effort to re-capture it when they found it slipping away. That is the great mistake so many make. Once lost, the 'peak' can never be recovered and Matthews and Moore now share the limelight as 'two grand old men' because they realised the futility of form and played it straight all along the line.

On a lighter note I must tell you about a clever cartoon I saw recently which depicted a heavily bearded Matthews at the desk of the Old Age Pensions Office. He was leaning on a stick but was still dressed in his familiar football kit. He was refusing his old age pension because he said that with his football wages it would put him in the super-tax bracket. The cartoon said simply 'The Other Field Marshal'.

Our Veterans

Moore and Matthews are probably the two most famous veterans in the world of sport to-day but right here in the Colony we have our own excellent examples of men who have continued to turn in first class performances while many sports-

men years their junior have become 'too old'.

In the cricket sphere we have of course men like Donald Leach and Harry Owen-Hughes, in lawn bowls we have Raoul Luz and Craigswater's Ben, in soccer we have Hau Yung-sang and Ho Ying-nan, and in tennis we have Champion Dao. There is too that most enthusiastic bundle of vintage energy, G. S. Kennedy Skipton, still capable of walking the foot and legs off the biggest majority of Hongkong's walkers, and finally in military circles there is probably the most versatile veteran of them all in Colonel J. J. Sullivan of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

It is a very interesting topic of conversation or argument... so maybe you would like to exercise your thoughts on the question. What makes a veteran fleet? Is it an innate case of physical condition... or will power... or a combination of both... or is there a deep secret which only the virile veterans know?

There is apparently mixed reactions to the fact that the forthcoming match between KMB and Police will now be played at the Hongkong Stadium instead of at Boundary Street which was the original venue.

By letter, telephone, and direct conversation I have been informed of various points of view on the matter and to say that there is a wide difference between these viewpoints is to put it mildly.

The Facts

There are those folks who see the switch as a deliberate effort to hand the advantage to KMB whose players have been regularly engaged the games on the big ground; there are those who feel that in the best interest of intending spectators a switch was necessary but that it should have been made to Caroline Hill or the Club Stadium as both teams have played there fairly frequently... but strangely enough in spite of some obvious benefits few folks seem to think that that move to the vast Hongkong Stadium is a good one.

What are the facts? The first fact is that in view of the current brilliant form of the Police team, and their recent defeat of Fung Wah, the fans want to see them in action against the mighty Busmen. The second fact is that the Police Ground at Boundary

Street just could not accommodate the crowd that would flock towards it, and that might give rise to many possible difficulties of control.

I have never bowed to anyone in my admiration of what the Police Ground has done for Colony soccer in the last couple of seasons, but I agree that its overall resources would have been stretched to bursting... not to get spectators in but rather to keep them out—if this game had been allowed to go on as originally arranged. Nevertheless I agree with those who say that the change to the remoteness and isolation of the vast Hongkong Stadium is very definitely a move in favour of KMB.

Fairer Arrangement

The Police side is an enthusiastic unit. It has achieved its present high league position with the crowd roaring away within arm's length... and for that reason I believe that a much fairer and certainly a more equitable arrangement could have been reached by transferring the game to the Club Stadium or Caroline Hill... in that order of preference.

★ ★ ★
The signs of a major revival in local boxing are continuing and it now looks very much as though the earlier hopes that this would be our best post-war season will be fulfilled.

The most significant part of the present set up is that activity is not being confined to one club position of the boxing community but rather is going the rounds and last night's planning of a show at Boundary Street keeps Kowloon right in the picture.

There is no doubt that more people are becoming interested in the noble art and the good crowd which turned up at the Club Stadium last week should give the HKABA the encouragement it needs to stage further shows of the same kind. The Chinese boxers are now coming forward in satisfactory numbers and if present progress is maintained boxing should climb high in the public popularity scale in a relatively short time.

★ ★ ★
Two interesting little tailpieces this week.

The first concerns a well known local personality who in an official application for employment with one of our big organisations abscondingly completed the 'Present Occupation' column with the words 'Professional footballer'.

Muff said.
The other concerns one of our junior soccer referees who was determined to administer the rules at all costs.

★ ★ ★
Strange Justice
After awarding a free kick just outside the penalty area he had the greatest difficulty in 'persuading' the offending side's defenders to take up their correct position at least 10 yards from the ball.

After several attempts to push them back had failed he paced the distance and found the wall of players was only six yards away... but as rules are rules — and 10 yards are 10 yards — he picked up the ball, snatched out ten yards backwards FROM THE attending PLAYERS and replaced the ball on the ground!!! Strange Justice... and victory for mob rule. Up the rebels!!!

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

5TH RACE MEETING

Saturday 13th and Saturday 20th December, 1958
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Aguiar Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 12811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$16.00 each per day and \$32.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 12th December, 1958 will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the last race on 20th December 1958 and Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 14th February 1959, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at:—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street on:—
Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday 13th and Saturday 20th December 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.
382, Nathan Road, Kowloon on:—

Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday 13th and Saturday 20th December 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the 'all clear' signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

HONG KONG, 6th December, 1958.

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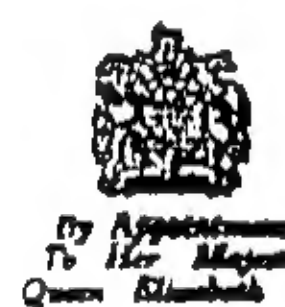
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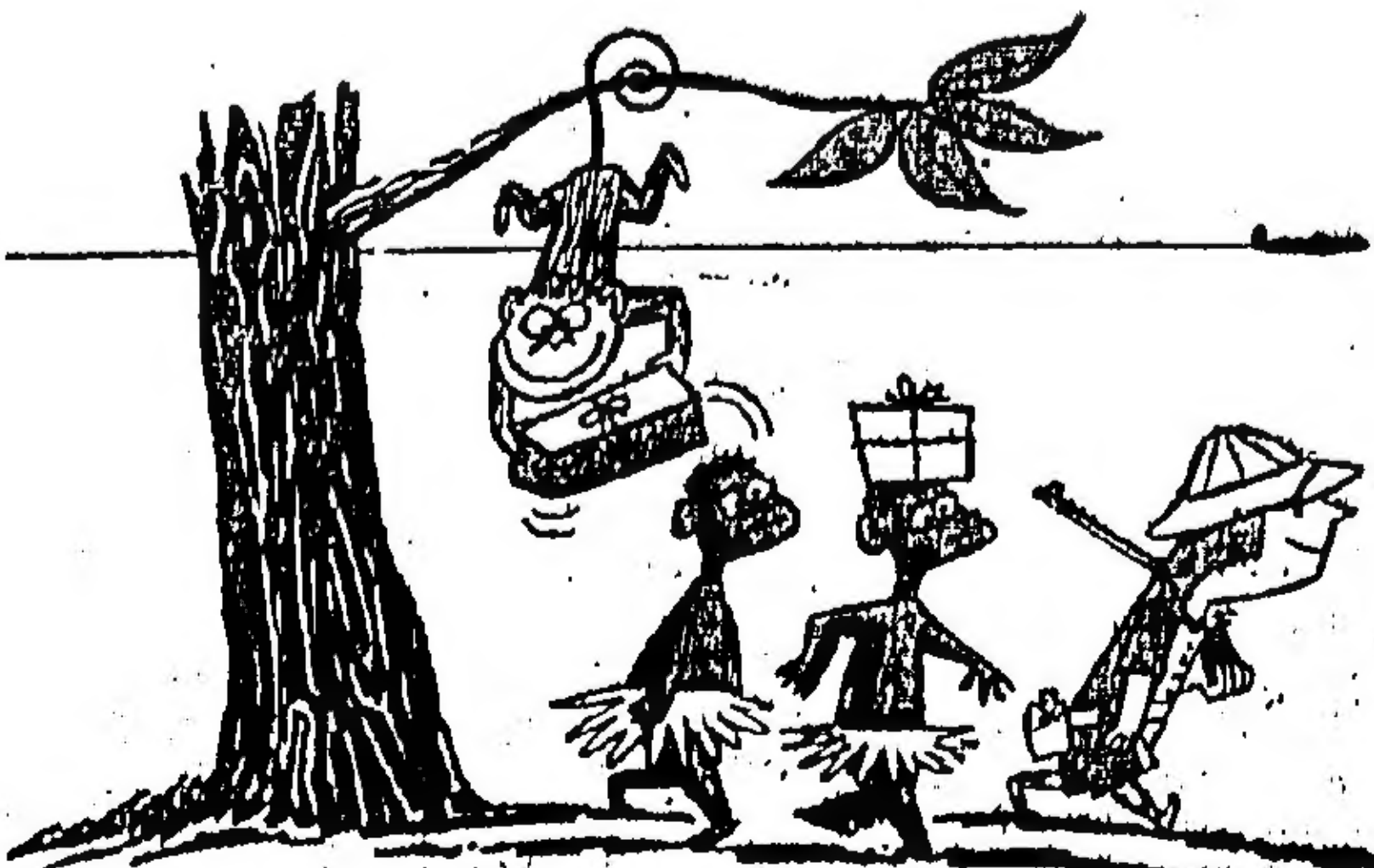
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CRICKET LEAGUE CONCLUDES FIRST ROUND TODAY

Four Teams Vie For First Division Lead

No fewer than four teams will vie for the honour of being at the head of the senior division cricket league table as the league concludes its first round this afternoon.

Fittingly enough, all these four teams, Optimists, Scorpions, Army South and RAF, have been drawn against each other in two matches which form the top highlights of this week's games.

The Optimists and the RAF are the current joint league leaders with 22 points each, while Army South and Scorpions are both three points behind.

RAF For The Honour

On current form it looks likely that the airmen from Kai Tak will claim that honour, but to do that they will have not only to collect the full points from Army South at Kai Tak but also to depend on the Scorpions either drawing with or defeating the Optimists.

The airmen have shown impressive form especially with the ball in their last two or three matches, and despite the fact that Army South have improved greatly in the batting department, it is very doubtful if they can stand up to the accurate and hostile bowling of Birley, Metcalfe and Griffiths, especially if Green and Morkill fall to be among the runs.

Army South are a hard team to beat on their day as the Scorpions found out last week.

By
ROBERT TAY

but are far from being consistent performers, especially in their bowling.

In the main the match between the airmen and soldiers will be a tussle between the airmen's batting and the soldiers' bowling. RAF will need at least 130 runs for this game, and ability to score them will see them at the top of the league table as the league starts its second round next week.

No Lack Of Rivalry

There will be no lack of rivalry as the Optimists clash with the Scorpions at Chater Road in the other match of the day. The Scorpions' batting has fallen far below expectation during their recent few games—against Navy, Craggover and Army South. On the other hand, the Optimists have been losing their form all round and the advantage should be slightly in favour of the Scorpions this afternoon.

The Scorpions, however, lack another attacking bowler and this deficiency may see a prolonged game that may end in a draw, unless Champion, who has been bowling fairly well so far, strikes early blows.

At Happy Valley, the fighting Police eleven take on Indian Recreation Club and will probably find the Indians just a little too good for them.

At Sookunpo, Army 'North' fresh from their last week's triumph over the Optimists are at home to Royal Navy and Dockyard and seem well set for their second win of the season.

Second Division

The match between Craggover and Recreation has been postponed and in its stead, a friendly game will be played between the Valley Club and KTC at the Valley.

The second division games will be featured by the clash between the two top contenders of the league—Army South and RAF. The soldiers enjoy the advantage of playing on a home wicket.

This is expected to be a grand game between two formidable attacking sides. The slight superiority of the soldiers in the batting department may just about see them through this match.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Roger Bannister ran the first sub-four-minute mile—in 3 min. 59.4 sec.
2. 365 not out—by Garry Sobers of West Indies.
3. An international air-racing prize.
4. John Mortimer and Ted Dexter.
5. Gottfried Von Cramm.
6. (a) Cricket, (b) Swimming, (c) Rugby League.
7. Horse-racing.
8. Bobby Locke.
9. Sir William Wakefield—31 caps.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Cricket: Div. 1—Army North v RN and Dockyard XI; Scorpions v Optimists; CFC v Recreation; RAF v Army South; Police v IRC.

Div. 2—IRC v Police; RN and Dockyard v Army North; Centaurs v KGV School; Recreation v DBS; Army South v RAF; "Phoenix Ashes" v KCC.

Hockey: Ladies League—KCC v Recreation "A" (King's Park) 2.30 p.m.; KGV v Victorians (King's Park) 4 p.m.

Rugby: Senior Shield—Kwong Wah v South China (CHI) 3.15 p.m.; Caroline Hill v Kitching (Club) 3.15 p.m.; Junior Shield—Kwong Wah v AFS (CHI) 1.45 p.m.; Caroline Hill v Easton (Club) 1.45 p.m.; C & W v Redifusion (Navy) 1.45 p.m.; Koon Wun v Navy (Navy) 3.15 p.m.; Tsekon v Club (HVI) 3.15 p.m.; Div. 3—Hong Ying v University (HVI) 1 p.m.

Racing: Fifth Race Meeting (First Day), Happy Valley, 2 p.m.

HOCKEY LEAGUE

IRC Take On Army 'B' In Week's Only Senior Game

By TONY MYATT

IRC 'A' take on Army 'B' in the only senior division hockey league fixture for this weekend. The game is down for 2.30 p.m. on Sunday at Sookunpo.

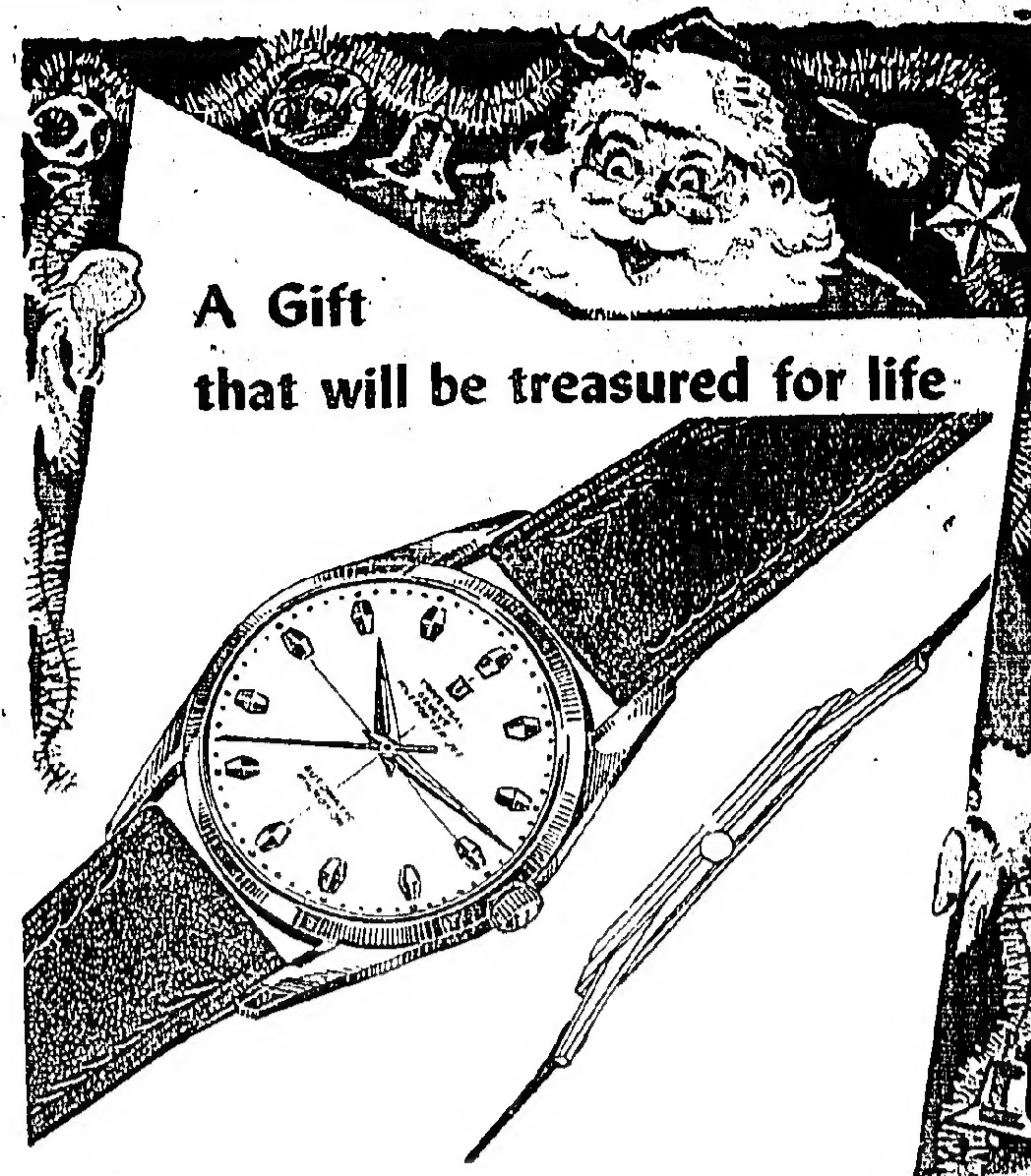
The honours in this game could go either way although I have a very strong feeling that Army 'B' might just nip the Indians at the post.

FAVoured

IRC will definitely be favoured in this encounter due to their better record of past games but if they want to come anywhere near winning it would be advisable for them to make sure they have a full team out on the field.

Army 'B' are a dogged bunch of players who fight till the final whistle and I can't help but wonder whether the IRC defence will be able to hold their own during the final stages of the match.

Whatever the outcome of this game, some good hockey should be witnessed.



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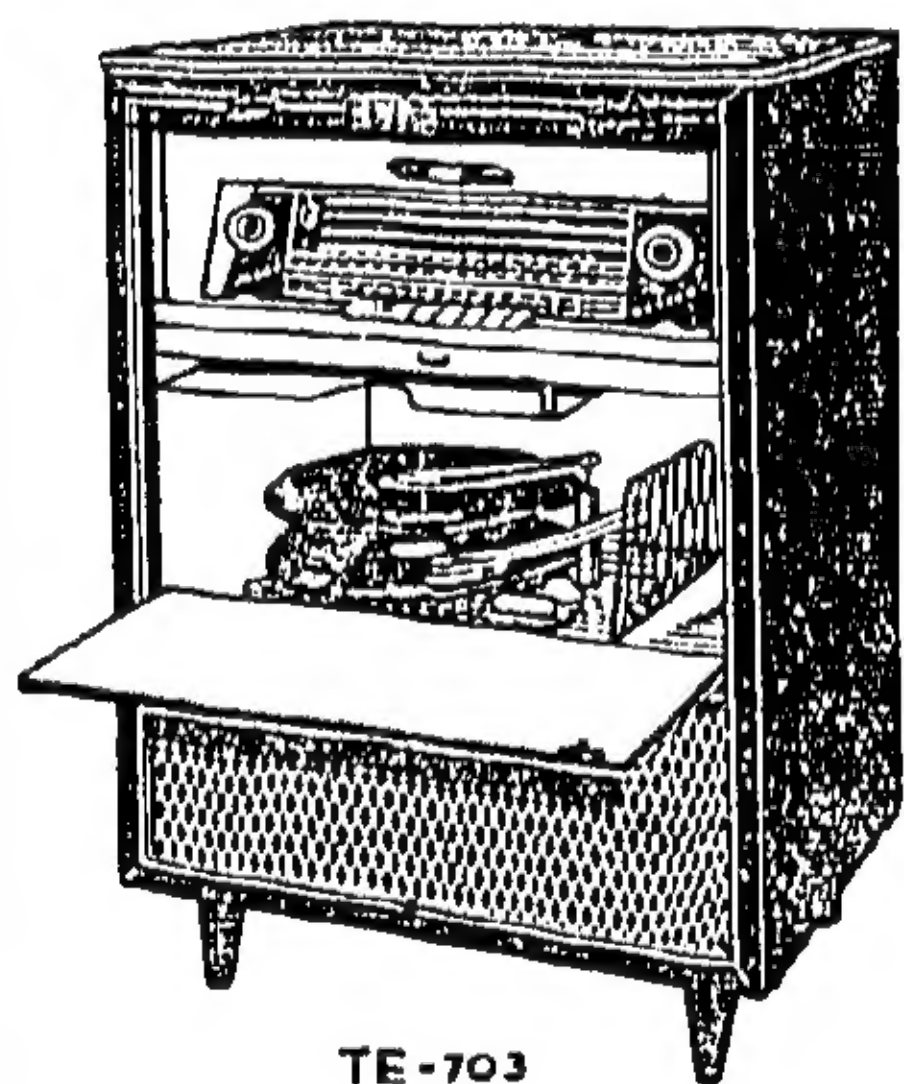
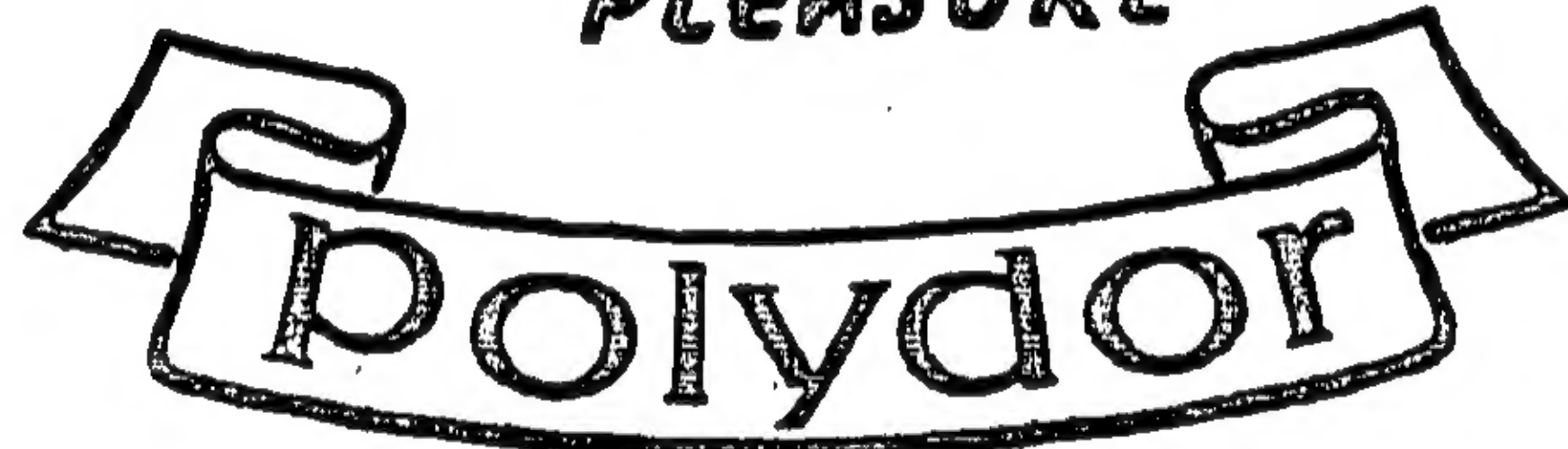
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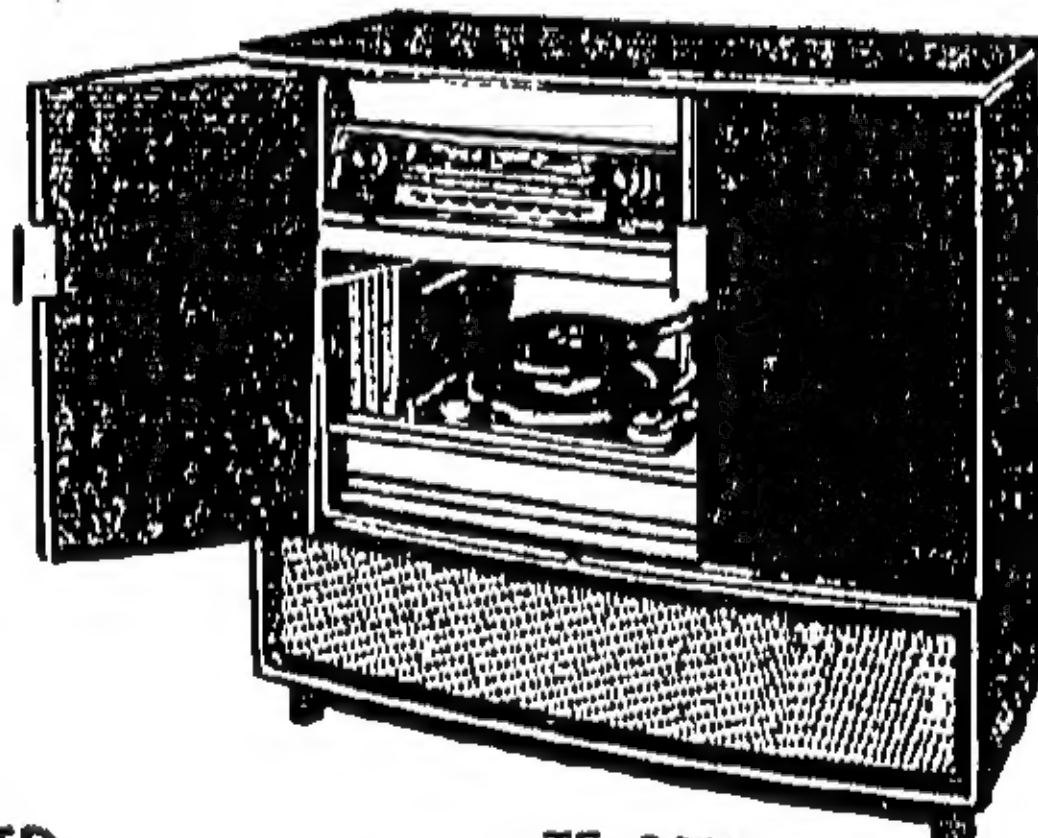
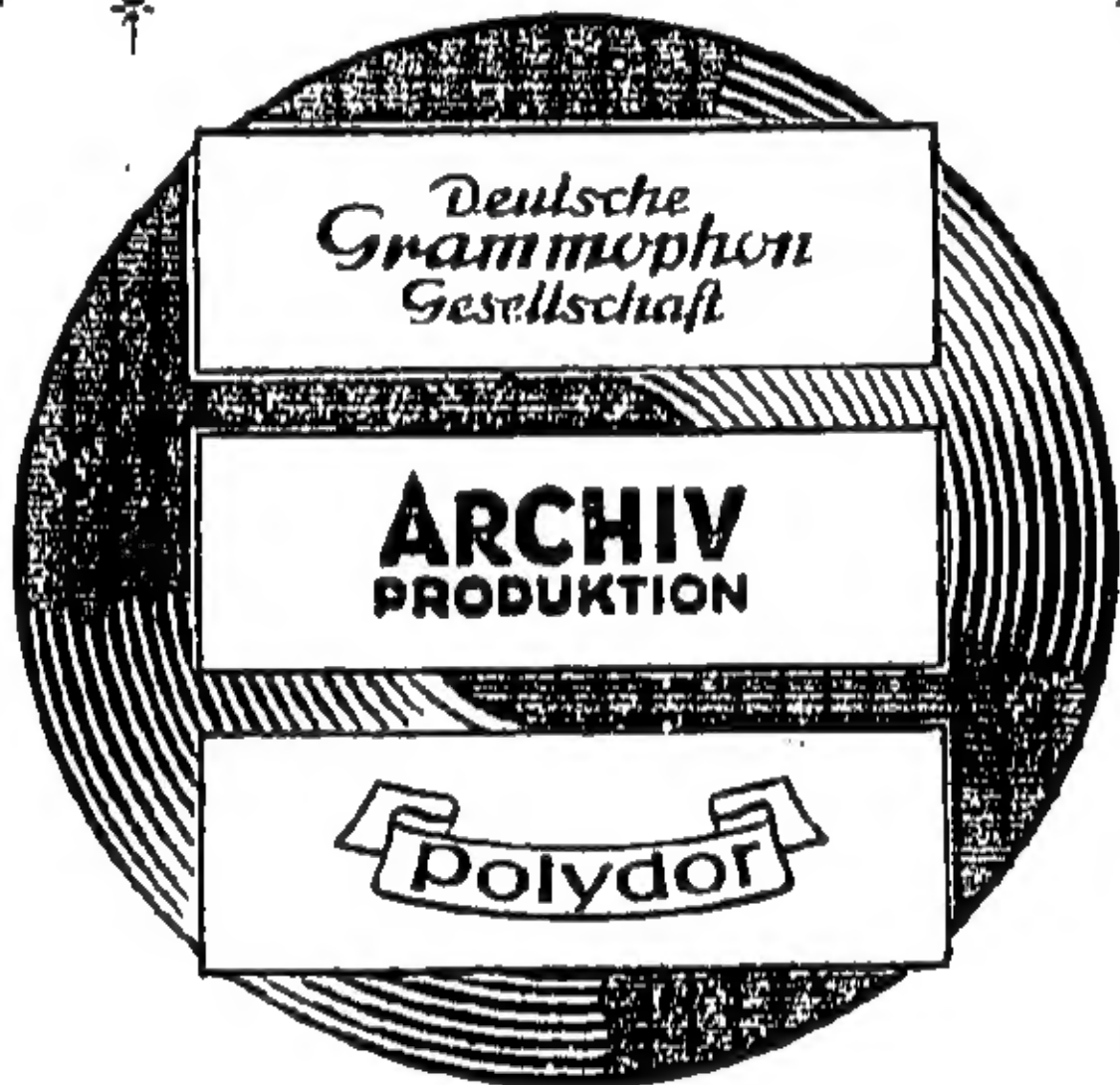
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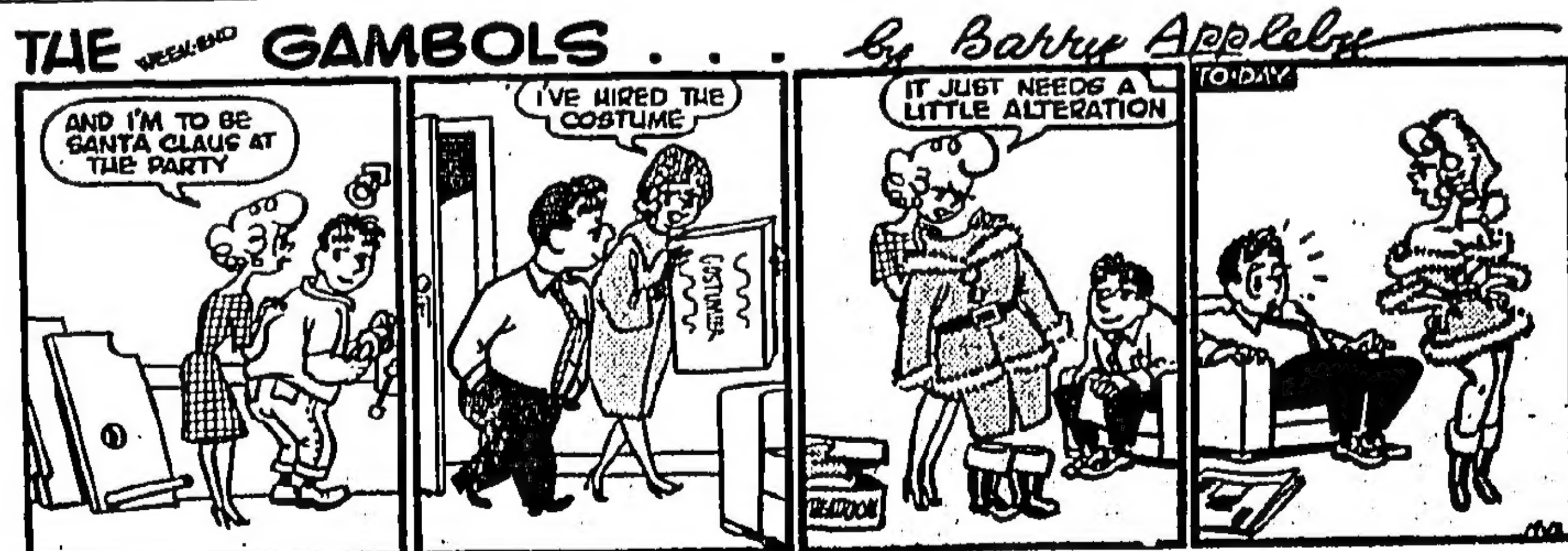
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